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GEORGE · BELLOWS

HIS LITHOGRAPHS

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George W. Bellows

New York & London
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I Wish to Thank

ROBERT HENRI, EUGENE SPEICHER

and

MR. H. V. ALLISON

[of Frederick Keppel & Co.]

for their kind help

and co-operation in compiling

this book

EMMA·S·BELLOWS

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GEORGE · BELLOWS

AUGUST 12, 1882—JANUARY 8, 1925

I

ON WEEKDAYS HE HAD NOTHING WORSE TO face than the perils of school and sanitation; but on Sunday, the small, only son of Mr. George Bellows had to remember that he was a Methodist and the son of a Methodist. His solid father's solid house enclosed him. If it was winter the shades were partly drawn and the heavy furniture glowed timidly in a reduced light. If it was summer, voices and the failing cadence of hoofs on paving came through slats of Venetian blinds that clicked and swayed when a fierce, saffron glow prophesied those purple thunderstorms that sweep across Ohio. The various, sinful world was all outside the residence of Mr. George Bellows in Columbus and nothing could dissolve this barrier between young George Wesley Bellows and the humanity beyond the windowsills. It was Sunday. He might read or draw.

His handsome, hawk-nosed mother liked to read aloud and that left George free to draw. So panoramas cut in architect's blue paper and scrawled with pencil were pinned on drawers of the hard, plain chests. He saw railroads, menageries, parades and battles while his mother's voice drawled on. There were no sisters and brothers to share the game. His mother was middle-aged and his father almost old when he was born. He was to grow up in that uncommon atmosphere which nurtures a last child or an only child of aging folk, an undistracted tenderness and

vigilance. George, killing Sunday afternoon with blue paper, pencils and scissors, was a good deal admired. The effect of this admiration was entirely healthy, too, because he began to admire himself.

The outer world, of course, was not willing to help on this admiration any harder than it had to. A small boy who is sent to school immaculate and who, at school, is made to give little demonstrations of drawing in colored chalk to show the other children how these things are done — such a small boy finds trouble waiting at corners of fences on his way home. This first stage of criticism was not centred on the art but on the artist. "It was," he said later, "very good for my muscles." Presently infantile and adolescent society began to admire George Bellows, but not as an artist. His germicidal aunt and mother mourned over frayed jerseys and battered trousers. "Ho" Bellows who fairly glittered on baseball and basketball teams of Ohio State University did not look always as the son of a respected Republican and Methodist architect and builder should look. He had become hopelessly deficient in conservatism of dress. He sang; he had a passion for amateur theatricals; his reputation in basketball stretched well outside the state of Ohio; his nervous, clever sketches in his university's magazine amused the undergraduates; he had become a social entity. But nothing promised that he would be a bishop, as his mother wanted him to be, and his father probably knew that the one son would not be a man of affairs.

This family came from Yankee territory into Ohio. The elder George Bellows had followed rivers and canals westward in the restless period that destroyed the first society of New England. He belonged to the end of Long Island where whalemen reared symmetrical, firm

cottages, as their brothers did on Nantucket. This population respected the craftsman, the "handy man," who could carve ivory or wooden toys between whales on his ship and make a chair or a wall on shore. Mr. Bellows, when his sober taste in furniture was not suited in the Columbus shops, sent for hard woods and made chests or desks to please himself. He was unassailable on law, Methodism and the Republican party but he reverenced Michael Angelo as he did Moses. He dreaded a painter's career for his son although finally he sent the tall boy to New York in 1904 with an allowance. It was not silly to want to be a painter, but it was dangerous.

Another sensible American with a respect for art had seen what was happening to American painting in 1884. This was Eugene Schuyler, historian and diplomat, the friend of Tolstoy, Turgeniev and Dostoyevsky. "Our new millionaires," he wrote, "have something in common with the wealthy Russians. They are not patrons of what is native or realistic in painting and sculpture but seem to wish an alliance with the past of other countries. As the cosmopolite Russian fills his house with paintings from Paris or Rome, so our Americans run around looking for antiques in which they have no real interest at all. . . . It will militate against the interest of the American painter in the long run. He must either imitate the taint of the museum or set out to become a kind of halfway French or English painter in order to gain his daily bread. . . ." These processes had, in fact, commenced. In the '80s it is discoverable that more than a few young Americans marvellously contrived to get as far into the museum as they could by softening their colors, deadening their drawing and doing everything that had already been done by

Flandrin, Leighton, Watts and Millais. This resulted in some amiably painted illustrations from mythology and mediæval history, and the curious movement culminated when Edwin Abbey executed his panels of the search for the Holy Grail in the public library of Boston. Nobody powerful demanded what this legend had to do with the culture of Massachusetts; the tedious pictures were reported handsomely by literary men, and even Henry James professed to admire them. This "alliance with the past of other countries" had become correct. Winslow Homer, Albert Ryder and Thomas Eakins, in 1900, were almost nobodies in literary discussions of painting. The American scene had been defeated, so to speak, by the European legend. Even Yankee woods and meadows were represented with French mists or afterglows from Barbizon. It may have been that the elder George Bellows wondered how his non-conforming son would get along in this strange, unreal profession because he knew his son's temperament. The revolt of some realists and satirists — Henri, Glackens, Sloan, Luks and more — was not much known in Columbus in 1903. But it was in 1903 that Miss Katherine Hiller, sitting on a cousin's veranda in the flat city, found herself quarrelling with a tall, untidy, well looking boy who said that he hated all these Holy Grails and landscapes and junk. It was already a rebellious intelligence that came for lessons to Robert Henri in 1904.

The young man, idling in front of "The Nativity" in the Metropolitan Museum, arrested by El Greco's attenuations and whirling gestures or poring over folios that held prints from Velasquez, Daumier, Goya and Tintoretto, was also mad for music. His allowance did not cover tickets for symphony concerts, operas and theaters. He had, too,

an unquestionable liking for food. In 1905 he discovered that a fine basketball player or a good baseball player was worth a few dollars on Saturday and Sunday to athletic clubs in the suburbs. He made an inelegant decision in favor of professional sports instead of devilling his father for a larger allowance. A foothold or the wish for a foothold on superior society would have kept Bellows from paying for his seat at the symphony or in the gallery of the opera by any such means. But he was hopelessly immune to smartness, as socially evinced, and all his prevailing tastes were very simple. He responded to sunlight, games, good food and amusing talk. The endlessly decorating, if never decorative, layer of New York's inhabitants never meant much to him. He saw its component parts from the gallery of the opera or stared over their heads — he was seventy-four inches long — on Fifth Avenue. An elevation of mind that was not merely physical kept him from caring whether his evening coat fitted or not. He had not even developed, when he began to exhibit paintings, the minor social arts of the æsthetician. Mr. Eugene Speicher, another athlete artist, saw a tall man very expert at basketball in the gymnasium of a Y.M.C.A. and was presented to a Mr. Bellows. Mr. Speicher was thrilled. Was this "Ho" Bellows of Ohio State team? Mr. Bellows had heard of a "Spike" who had a renown in Buffalo. Was this Spike? The young men went off to dine together and to talk sports. Mr. Speicher found himself entering a studio presently and discovered rather casually that his acquaintance was a painter. Mr. Bellows, ready to walk under the burning shower bath of notoriety, was an unaffected person, blunt in a kindly way, and not much given to talking about painting, outside of his professional set.

His one striking trick was a wide gesticulation of the right arm that, when I once saw him, seemed the motion of a pitcher tossing a ball carelessly.

After a time there was a city painted by George Bellows. The metropolis had swallowed up a critic who showed no interest in its suavities or occasions of grace. The New York of the younger George Bellows is a city of slums in which dogs quarrel over a garbage can or children, completely mannerless, patronize a melon-seller on the curb of a cheap block. He journalizes; he attempts anything that catches his widely opened grey eyes. He shows you admirably a stout tugboat, a collection of angles and lines, breasting the East River, and an austere sentiment expends itself on a forlorn tenement rearing against the sweep of a bridge that dwarfs it. He paints a street steaming in summer or relieves the heat by idling up the pent Harlem to paint a swarm of naked boys as a web of pink or brown flesh on a sunny pier. He tries to capture the rush of a bridge into the night above Brooklyn and is almost defeated by the difficult lights. He succeeds with a slope of park soaking in a grey rain that dims the Hudson and makes causeways melancholy bands of gritty color. In 1911 he assaulted a whole mile of the city in one attack. "New York" brought out a kind of indignant squeal from reviewers and an epigram from the celebrated John Quinn who was told that Bellows had thrown New York on canvas and, standing before the picture, said, "Yes, he has thrown New York on canvas but he need not have thrown an extra half pound of paint after it . . . . My God, though, there's a real policeman in there!" And, sure enough, there is a real policeman among the trucks and hurrying people, a tiny blue

pompousness that waves white gloves at the traffic, dominating his plane below skyscrapers hideous with advertisements in a cold air. This official, seen satirically, is still real as the excited sponges that are men's gross faces rimming the prize ring in "Sharkey's" and "Both Members of This Club."

He had learned to revere Velasquez, Rembrandt, Goya, Titian, Tintoretto, Manet, Renoir, Daumier, El Greco and Franz Hals. He preferred Homer and Eakins among the Americans. But his admirations among the Englishmen seem to have been limited to Constable and the satirists, Leech and Keane. In this list it is apparent that painters of movement and fantastics have a considerable place. El Greco's gesture attracts him. He is enamored of shadows and eccentric lights. "The Circus," "Polo Game" and the first four prize-fight scenes are experiments in light and movement. His satire instantly embraces the whole body of his subject. A young oaf comes craning clean through the ropes to gape at the beaten man of "A Knock-out" and the Goyesque wenches of "I Want You Two Girls To Know Each Other" are vulgar down even to their feet. These beings are completed. He relies not on the face of his victim, but on a rendition of an entire movement or bulk. His prize fighters have—intentionally—bodies but no particular faces. Their movement is the essential. "I do not care," he wrote to Miss Hiller in 1910, "about the expression of a prize fighter's mug. A prize fighter's muscles are his e pluribus unum. The expression of his face is about as unimportant as the polish on a locomotive's headlight. . . . I am not interested in the morality of prize fighting. But let me say that the atmosphere around the fighters is a lot more immoral than the fighters themselves. . . . I am

against artificial subject in modern painting. Prize fighters and swimmers are the only types whose muscular action can be painted in the nude legitimately. . . . I am sorry I have shocked you but very much flattered that you remembered me. Was it the size of my ears?"

His sentiment for beauty, in this first period, is more likely to pass out in the minor drama of the tug battling under Blackwell's Island Bridge or in "The Lone Tenement." Being in love with a handsome Miss Emma Story of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, he became somewhat sentimental and showed it in a painting executed while he was teaching for some months at the University of Virginia, but his lawn and his languid gentlewomen do not succeed too well. He had a suspicion of mere prettiness lodged somewhere in his brain. The more visible failures of his first stage lie precisely where many good painters first succeed, in the suggestion of a fine sumptuousness and grace. His grace is energy, restless flesh, restless water, restless light. He can be many things but seldom tranquil.

In 1908 he was made a member of the National Academy of Design. In 1909 journalism caught up his prize-fight scenes and much was heard about the "brutal" George Bellows. It now appears ludicrous that a painter should have been so blackguarded for showing a prize fight, but the peculiarly American trick of denying art its fair freedom of subject is always likely to endanger an experimental painter. In 1910 he revolted along with his mentor, Mr. Henri, against the judgment of the Academy and exhibited with an independent group. In 1910 he also married Miss Story and added the excitements of attempting to support a wife to his other hazardous performances.

The life of painters in the United States is represented in our modern letters only by Thomas Craven's short novel "Paint." They balance along on the fine line between commerce, in the way of committing advertisements or some other form of technical drudgery, and the supreme chance of actually selling a painting. Bellows had excited much furious discussion. He had, in fact, increased all the offences of John Sloan, Robert Henri and George Luks. The mention of his name seemed to throw conservatives into a frothing epilepsy of denunciation, although this was directed against his work and not against the painter himself. His financial status, until the last years of his life, was artistically vague and his "popularity," so much mentioned in obituaries, is mere pleasant myth. He might be called popular as Mr. Sherwood Anderson is popular on April 30, 1927; his work was discussed among people who painted or who had some positive interest in painting. He belonged against the grain of the period; he had grasped at the raw material of the American scene and suffered — in matters of money — along with others. Even a symbolist, such as Arthur Davies, was not so rasping to conservatism as this positive satirist with his bravura, his cold versatility and untamed assertiveness.

"You're a great painter," said Mr. Thomas Fiske, watching him sketch a cow on the seashore in 1912.

Bellows dug some of the state of Maine loose with a heel, flushed and drawled, "I'd *like* to be a great painter. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"I thought it was about that," said Bellows, and went on sketching.

But after the spring of 1913 Bellows could experiment in asym-

metrical drawings, dally with problems of rigid line seen in angles against remote, lighted surfaces, or champion the dynamic symmetry of Jay Hambidge as much as he liked without getting the jeers formerly earned by all this. His own name appears in the list of a committee in charge of what was called "the Armory show," a prodigious exhibition opened in February, 1913. Worried gentlewomen and stockbrokers and shocked elderly amateurs could be found here daily staring at Rouault's red nudes, at Brancusi's statues, at paintings by Braque, Matisse, Cézanne, Renoir, Marquet, Duchamp, Picabia, Picasso and men less notable. A venerable critic of painting, now dead, seized my arm before some gesture of Cubism and demanded whether Arthur Davies and Robert Henri could not be jailed for forwarding this stuff into public attention. He never forgave them — his special admiration was Mantegna — until he died. The work of charlatans was advertised alongside that of honest men, perhaps, but the annunciation was explosive and some of the results were instantly comic. Overnight a home-grown crop of Picassos and Cézannes appeared; our American facility absorbed the surfaces of the new things and now we have goldenrod painted in the manner of Odilon Redon and Texan landscapes seen as Cézanne saw the vale behind Arles. It was suddenly explained that a painting in three dimensions was absurd. Manet, still a bit suspicious in America as late as 1912, was now hopelessly conservative. In the midst of this Bellows honestly continued to be George Bellows.

He was honest and his bluntness became famous. It needed a considerable charm to cover advice he gave to younger painters in his thirties. . . . A boy showed him sketches for an advertising office, done

in the most popular manner and for the sake of his debts, and said drearily, "Well, Chardin painted street signs for a living, you know?" Bellows, staring at the drawings, drawled, "Ye-es, but I bet Chardin painted good street signs. . . ." Another novice complained that a painting of a very handsome naked girl had not been appreciated. Bellows sat looking at the luscious skin and the graceful pose on the canvas and then asked, "Did you ever look at one of Rembrandt's nudes?" and as that insinuation did not work he asked, "Couldn't you have got a prettier girl and made her a little better looking?" and, at that point, the novice knew that he'd been called vulgar. It happens that I saw the painter only once, but he was being blunt about something when I saw him.

This occurred in a potato-colored cavern above Fifth Avenue, a gallery in which a tiresome Cubist and a rather commonplace English academician were being shown. I had come in to get out of a snowstorm and was idling around the place wondering if this meant anything when a voice out of central Ohio interested me in the next room. Two æstheticians had pinned the tall, bald man into a corner and were explaining art to him, with one of the Cubist effects as an example. Their draperies were correct for the year 1922, when sad mufflers and colored handkerchiefs indicated the erudite and sensitive. They purred along and one of them used the word "disintegration" in his argument. Bellows whirled up an arm and his barytone voice boomed: "All right! You say he's disintegrated his effect? Well, what was the effect before he disintegrated it?" The æstheticians rallied, after a moment, and babbled something about "philosophies of suspension" or some

other cant of the season. Bellows genially said, "Oh, bosh! Dérain or Picasso know what they're doing! This man doesn't know a dog-gone thing! He's a fake!" There was more babble and the fine voice boomed again, "Want to see some better paintings than this stuff? All right! Go over to the nearest art store and ask for some drawings — any old drawings — by Frederic Remington!" The æstheticians gave it up, just there, and Bellows walked past me from the dim cavern.

I looked after him with an interest not related to his virtues and defects as a painter. In 1916 he took up lithography, against good advice, knowing that a decent market for etching had been established in the United States as lithography died out. Presently the editor of a monthly magazine was struck by the appearance in one mail of three stories all about the hypocrisy of offering prayers in a penitentiary. This meant that Bellows had published "Benediction in Georgia." There was a curious reversal of the usual process. A draughtsman was supplying literature with anecdotes. His pungent criticism of evangelism "The Sawdust Trail," sent out another echo into journalism and fiction. He affirmed powerfully the literary satire which began to appear in America after the war and he affirmed it before it existed. "Business-men's Class, Y.M.C.A." is the first consideration of the animal since called Babbitt in his fatuousness and his pathos. "Prayer-meeting" is a study in the egoism of the religious dated 1916. His emotional indignation with the German armies in Belgium is no more just, perhaps, than Honoré Daumier's rage against Louis Philippe and this attack of anger sent him back, as it had sent Manet before him, to effects of Goya. A man

in a fine state of anger never can fully exercise his imagination.[1] But he is coolly master of himself in his satires on the native scene and I doubt, in 1927, that our written satire has surpassed "Legs of the Sea," "Business-men's Bath" or "Billy Sunday." A weak and muddled business, "Initiation in the Frat," has had the odd result of stopping this stupid form of sadism outright in one American college. All art is not quite useless.

He drew generally without models and with an amazing ease. At Carmel, in 1917, he sat turning the face of a minor, affected poet into the face of a querulous old lady, altering the strokes of each drawing so that four tiny sketches strung across a bit of brown paper on his host's desk complete a study in anatomy. His prize-fight scenes and much else are from memory or from imagination. He had a mimetic gift and sometimes was his own model, whirling from the lithographer's stone or the canvas to gesticulate before a mirror and capture the line of a pose. But his own facility, he came to know, was something of a dangerous toy. One of his last letters is a kind of comment on his work worth printing, just here. A young man sent him two sketches in 1924 and asked his judgment: "The one I have marked," the painter answers, "shows that you have talent and will get somewhere. The other one shows that you know how to draw *too easily*. Put it away and look at it in a couple of years. You may not like it very well. . . . You kindly mention eight paintings of mine which you admire. I wonder if you will be surprised to

[1] Bellows was intensely fond of children and old people. The legends of the German invasion upset him on these two scores. A good many painters, able to visualize the "atrocities" more completely than most men, suffered from a kind of indwelling excitement during the war that disturbed them to a point not yet admitted in print. Bellows, in 1924, referred to his war paintings as "hallucinations" but I do not suggest that he was ashamed of them.

hear that only three of these satisfy me today. I am still satisfied with 'Both Members of This Club,' 'The Bridge, Blackwell's Island' and the portrait of my father. They represent all I could put into them at the time they were painted. I am not ashamed of the others because they really interested me when I was doing them, but that interest has not lasted. You must take care to distinguish between what immediately interests you and what sets your imagination to work. It is pretty hard to make a distinction between fancy and imagination, but the sooner you learn to make that distinction the better it will be for you. . . . Something in your work suggests that you are not very well. Take care of yourself. Good health is essential to good work. . . ." This something suggestive of ill health had been correctly seen; the painter's letter was opened by the young man's mother on the day after his funeral.

George Bellows, the celebrity, is the man who retorted, when the dogmatic Joseph Pennell said that he should not have painted Edith Cavell on her way to execution as he had not been there. "It is true that I was not present at Miss Cavell's execution but I've never heard that Leonardo Da Vinci had a ticket of admission to the Last Supper, either!" He is also the gay performer in amateur theatricals, such as "The Prune Hater's Daughter," and the insistent champion of native American painting. But behind this public character there was a sensitive and increasingly critical man who sometimes speculated outside his own field. A young writer who called on him at Woodstock in 1921 was suddenly told that the White Whale in Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" was an emblem of the unconquerable ideal pursued by artists. The caller objected that Captain Ahab in the romance is chasing a real

whale. Bellows snorted, "Look here! Don't tell me that old Melville wasted all that imagination on a lot of darn blubber!" Now that literary criticism has taken up the White Whale, the painter's interpretation has its interest. He also preceded official criticism in suggesting that Brancusi's statues would be better understood if they were simply labelled studies in texture and volume. He complained once that American literature had no epics except "Moby Dick," "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Red Badge of Courage." As satire began to play with the middle west he was amused, but not too impressed. "These writers," he said, "are charging up vices to the middle west that are pretty well known all over the world." In 1923 a friend took exception to a notion of mine, not particularly original, that spectators of football and baseball are really enthralled by watching forms of ballet and this was reported to Bellows as an eccentricity. "But that's obvious," said the painter; "go and watch a basketball game without thinking that it is a game. Lots of games are dances." Moving pictures bored him on the grounds that they were not pictures at all; their settings and rehearsing, he said, showed that the manufacturers had no sense of rhythm or design. Here, too, he was preceding the official complaints now current, as this remark was made in 1920 to Mr. Humphrey Parsons.[1] The Freudian psychology interested him mildly and he suggested that it was being applied too exclusively to the analysis of books, and that the "Proverbios" of Goya might be profitably studied as conscious or unconscious expressions.

[1] Mr. Parsons, a brilliant person now dead, was accidentally introduced to Bellows at the Petitpas restaurant and did not know who he was, as he had not caught the painter's name. Having discussed the epic novel, the moving picture and American criticism, including some current essay on Whitman that had bored Bellows, Mr. Parsons decided that this was a poet or novelist. When Bellows left him, he was enlightened by a waiter.

The Australian amateur, Blamire Young, presently issued his psychoanalysis of the "Proverbios," but Bellows had already vanished.

He remained, though, exclusively a painter and draughtsman. His interest in sculpture and the handicrafts was not large. When he was taxed with being interested in an art and not in art, he grinned and shrugged. But he exemplified the ancient and wholesome definition of an artist as a craftsman. When he wanted a supporting table for his lithographer's stone, he simply made it himself. He even invented a machine for extracting the last ounce of paint from tubes and was rebuked by the strong fingers of Eugene Speicher who took up an emptied tube and got out more paint still after the machine had done its best. Also he remained exclusively an artist in the sense of being immune to the desire of objects. His house in East Nineteenth Street was simple in all its furnishings. The ostentations of the Californian coast annoyed him in 1917. His mind rejected the sterile prettiness of decoration. He looked at a prodigal villa near Carmel and exploded: "What pleasure is there in living in the middle of a thousand tons of concrete and marble? That's as bad as Newport!" In this same spirit he refused orders to paint portraits and to illustrate books which had no interest for him and, gracefully, avoided fashionable dinnerparties. His answer when an editor proposed to advertise him, at a cost, is a small masterpiece of veiled objurgation. He was many things, but he was never a profiteer in art.

His friends have not invited me to flatter Bellows and, in judgment of paintings, I am haunted by a story told to me of the last days of Honoré Daumier. Charles Audibert, a young man of fashion, went down to be presented to the blind genius in the cottage given him by a committee of

his adorers. Monsieur Audibert made his civil speeches and then recited a compliment on the painter given out by Ernest Renan. Daumier yawned. "All that is worthless," he said; "nothing valuable can be said about me for twenty-five years. It would interest me if you could bring me news, monsieur, of what they will be saying in 1905!" And it is a little amusing to remember, here, that in 1904 and 1905 criticism again began to make values for Honoré Daumier.

But, unimportantly, it occurs to me that the printed criticism of George Bellows has been too busy with his first effects, with the bravura and painted journalism of his youth. About 1920 this man's paintings began to give some of us a new sensation, the suggestion of a firmer imagination and maturity. Perhaps the emotional heave of his war-paintings had exhausted something of his restlessness, or perhaps study—the discipline of conforming partly to the deliberate geometrical mensuration preached by Jay Hambidge and his growing admiration of Renoir—had done things to his temperament. He had himself come to see the difference between fancy and imagination. He had been constantly driven away from published criticism to the advice of his friends, to Robert Henri, John Sloan, and Eugene Speicher. The resulting steadiness, wherever it came from, mounts through the portrait of his daughter Anne and the view of Gramercy Park, with its laced shadows and romping children, in 1920. "Elinor, Jean and Anna" of the same year, is a passage of gentle chamber music that swells out from the worn, solid hands of his mother and aunt, sitting in the dignity of age on either side of his small impatient child. His former scorn of mere landscape as a kind of "painter's exercise" vanishes in "The White Horse," of which

a notable French amateur remarks, "It is the most purely American painting since Homer." In 1923 he painted "Introducing John L. Sullivan" and showed that his mind was now turning outward from the passion of the prize-fight to a satiric speculation on this atmosphere. A wave passes through the important nobody who bawls the old champion's name to the crowd and Sullivan himself is more than a good portrait; he is vanity manifest. Perhaps "Emma and her Children" of this same year marks his fullest acquirements in the portrait. I discard "The Crucifixion" although three of its figures have echoed themselves into the work of able painters since 1923 and the system on which he built his studies of movement is perhaps plainest here. There is a reminiscence of an Ohio thunderstorm's approach in the sky above the bathing boys in "River-front, No. 2," and that "No. 2" in the picture's title reports that his second thoughts were now very important to George Bellows. He still daringly experiments, as Thomas Benton does nowadays, in the interpenetration of lines and figures. He chooses the most difficult and least "paintable" moment of a body's fall in the descent of Jack Dempsey through the ropes in "Dempsey and Firpo." The lighting of the ring in "Ringside Seats" would have interested Seurat by its precisions, and the shape of the seated prize-fighter makes a wistful comment on this entertainment. . . . A deep sentiment for time and character glows in his portrait of his mother and in the rigid, repressed faces of an old couple near Woodstock. His color, in this last period, begins to chant from the canvas. "The Picnic," "Jean, Anne and Joseph" and "The Picket Fence" of 1924 show a rising scale of tints and an even finer brushwork than in his work of 1923. His landscapes stretch off into that

hinted infinity, the idea beyond ideas, where good painters dream themselves. He has expanded all his means since "Both Members of this Club" and "The Lone Tenement," and one knows that he was going farther still.

At the end of December, 1924, Mr. Thomas Fiske encountered Bellows, escorted by Miss Jean Bellows, on a corner of Nineteenth Street. Bellows obviously did not remember his admirer at all, but he stood looking at Mr. Fiske's bright red hair and probably, as he chatted about Marsden Hartley, Charles Burchfield and an etching of John Sloan, he began to recall the young man. Jean got tired of listening to this grown-up conversation and presently towed the tall man away by one thumb. Mr. Fiske had turned, too, and was walking westward when Bellows called back, "Hi, you! . . . I'd still like to be a great painter!"

Few people saw him after that, his family, some friends, the surgeon and nurses of a hasty operation for appendicitis. On January 8th, 1925, it was known that there would be no more paintings by George Bellows.

Next autumn he was flattered by a memorial exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum. On the last day of this show there was a distinguished audience fluctuating along the lined paintings, sketches and lithographs. We were very mundane in that crowd, jostling women in fresh furs and gowns and glorified by representatives of a class that, in America, has leisure to do everything but think. Frank Crowninshield walked patiently from painting to painting explaining all this to some worldlings. Robert Henri, Marie Sterner, John Sloan and the other friends who had relentlessly advertised George Bellows and advised him were still with his essence. Every beautiful woman in black was being exhibited by

strangers to each other as his widow. There were also critics and writers of fiction, cartoonists and a goddess of the cinema who was not aware that George Bellows was an American and left the gallery disappointed when she heard he'd been born not so far from her own town in Ohio. The metropolis, streaming down the room, showed itself the metropolis in its clothes and its self-sufficiency. A man had turned with courage and audacity on the materials of the American scene. He had projected into the tameness of native art a flare of pugnacity and had demanded freedom of subject for the native painters. The metropolitans, filing past his monument, said whatever they said and went off to dine somewhere. At least one person in the warm press stood wondering uselessly if this compact glitter on the walls was not more real than the flesh drifting past it. But art is an illusion of man who believes that he can conquer both himself and time, and time is final judge of that illusion's merit.

2

HERE are the lithographs of George Bellows. Nothing has been conveniently withdrawn as imperfect. This is the lot. . . . Inconsequent stranger who has picked up this old book in the year 1962, I address you from the grave. This may not be an art at all, in your times, but this is America, seen by an honest man who never left the American soil in his whole life. I sit here vouching for his honesty. Here we are! It is immeasurably unimportant whether you like us or not, but here we are, and here is the biography of George Bellows. Here, you see, is the young man confined to the front seat of his father's carriage on the way to

church on a hot Sunday in the year 1898, a little sulky and very gangling in his best clothes. These night scenes in Central Park are fruits of his curiosity about plebeian love. He went peering and poking along the paths with an embarrassed wife on his arm, wondering about these people. This is rural religion, lighted by oil lamps in a tiny meeting house on the shore of Maine. The faces have the vicious complacency of good people remembering that God sees them, on Sunday evenings. These "Artists Judging Works of Art" are desperately authentic. This architecture of bodies is "The Sawdust Trail," an outpouring of the vulgar toward the roaring voice of the Reverend William Ashley Sunday. Over there is "Billy Sunday," a rolling ball of muscles, one foot on his pulpit, yowling his degraded version of the poem of Jesus Christ at this multitude in his raw tabernacle. You have come back into the strange American world of the twentieth century's first quarter. This is "Initiation in the Frat," a merry pastime that, in the year of this lithograph, allowed members of a fraternity in the midlands to tie a sensitive lad to a railroad track in the middle of a winter night. They were sorry when he was found insane next morning. This is "The Shower-bath" and it is real as poverty or hunger. The naked men are all Americans getting cleansed in a Turkish bath. This fantasy of lights and empty faces is a "Dance in a Madhouse" and, for months after it appeared, the artist was assaulted through the mails by silly people who thought it cruel to make a nightmare of the unreal world. A critic joined them in their odd maledictions who has no prejudice against the "A La Mie" of Toulouse-Lautrec, a gloating consideration of a frayed harlot and her bully in a cheap café. This is called "The Law Is Too Slow"

and shows you the singular fun of frying Negroes who had fallen under suspicion of misdemeanor. And this is an electrocution, a mode of getting rid of social inconveniences, awkward but sanctioned by the habits of mankind. This "Legs of the Sea" shows you how Bellows saw the plebeians taking the sun on shores of Long Island and New Jersey, not very gracefully, but so honestly. This "Artists' Evening" is in a restaurant named Petitpas. Emma Bellows has wearied of an argument among the father of William Butler Yeats, Robert Henri and her husband and is looking at you. Mr. Henri, never wordy, is telling the old Irishman something and is not being believed. In "My Family" the artist is watching Jean Bellows over his wife's shoulder. — Do you draw at all? Take a pencil and interest yourself in copying the baby's figure and the amused movement of her face, or turn to the nude reclining on a pillow and try to imitate the sweeping, hard line that limits her body, or the clenched hand that rises out of the frenzy of small motions named "The Crowd" or the first row of convicts in "Benediction in Georgia," or the back of the right-hand prize-fighter in the "Stag at Sharkey's," or the last sketch of Anne Bellows, lovely and so bored. These things make up the biography of George Bellows; this is his essence. It does not matter that he took medals, taught in Virginia and in Chicago, was a member of this, that and the other club and society. This is what he learned how to do. Try to copy it, and then think a while and try again.

Nobody is telling you that these lithographs are of equal merit. They vary. He experiments and abandons. He is interested to drape a naked woman in a pose from the Medici tomb and try his hand at that. He illustrates a fantastic parable of H. G. Wells and his lack of trained

eroticism appears in the bare bodies of "Amour" where a little sensuous prettiness would have served him. His scenes in elevators and subways sometimes fall from satire into the purely comic and his friend John Sloan has certainly done better than "The Street." There is a tendency toward adopting Daumier's hashed faces in the first lithographs, but that passes. He studies ahead. "Sixteen East Gay Street" shows his latter method of making crowds in Columbus, O. groups of exalted marionettes whose angular motions are flatly seen. He meditates two or three times, visibly, on the prone musculature of a beaten prize-fighter. He is still studying the whole problem of muscles in 1924. But I am telling you, as loudly as I may, that here is an authentic old billiard-player of our day; these nervous faces of artists are the artists of our time, not too comfortable in the metropolis where a comedian can do more for a work of art by making a joke on it from the stage than a chorus of intelligent men writing criticism can achieve. These are types of our times, seen — I think — not unkindly, however gaily noted. And here is the man himself, and these are his children, his comrades, his loves and his diversions. This is his frenzy against the war, in our times, and this is his comment on a "Spiritual Potentate," and here Georges Carpentier, the momentary hero of a sport, rears in a fringe of tumultuous hats and arms. And here another hero's friends are black shapes of mourning against white exploding surf while he puts out toward an obscure judgment and a hidden port . . . .

Do you like all this, or any of it? We will not care. But here we are.

Thomas Beer

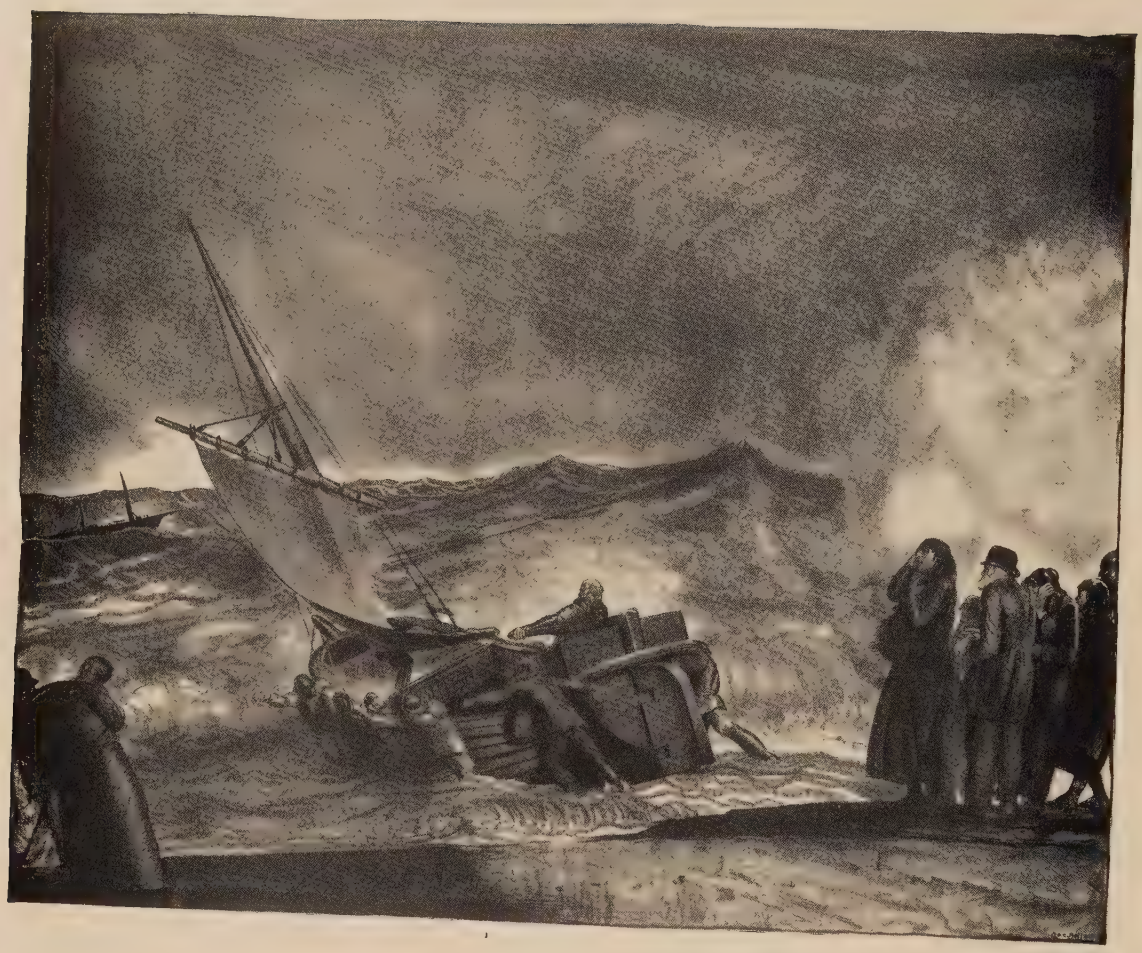
THE lithographs and drawings of George Bellows are the glowing manifestations of a nature that was filled with a fierce passion for life. His enthusiasms were peculiarly American, and were charged with vitality, fresh air and frankness. To his unusual natural gifts as an artist, were added an amazing sense of character, a unique sense of design strengthened by an instinctive sense of geometry, and an astonishing ability to express his feelings in black and white. The dramatic instant in life had a strong appeal for him; yet at times, he was capable of an almost feminine tenderness. He had wit, and never drew or painted without it. He was human and humorous, adventurous and unafraid. He was idealistic, and not untouched by the romantic. Above all, he had a heart and used it at all times.

Eugene Speicher

GEORGE · BELLOWS

HIS LITHOGRAPHS

1 *Study of My Mother, No. 2*



2 *Allan Donn Puts to Sea*

3 *Nude Study, Woman Kneeling on a Pillow*

4 *Marjorie, Emma and Elsie*

5 *The Last Count*

6 *Portrait of John Carroll*

7 *Irish Town*

8 *The Enemy Arrive*

9 *The Street*

10 *My Family, No. 2*

11 *Edith Cavell*

12 *The Hold-up, First State*

13 *The Hold-up, Second State*

14 *Study of Mary*

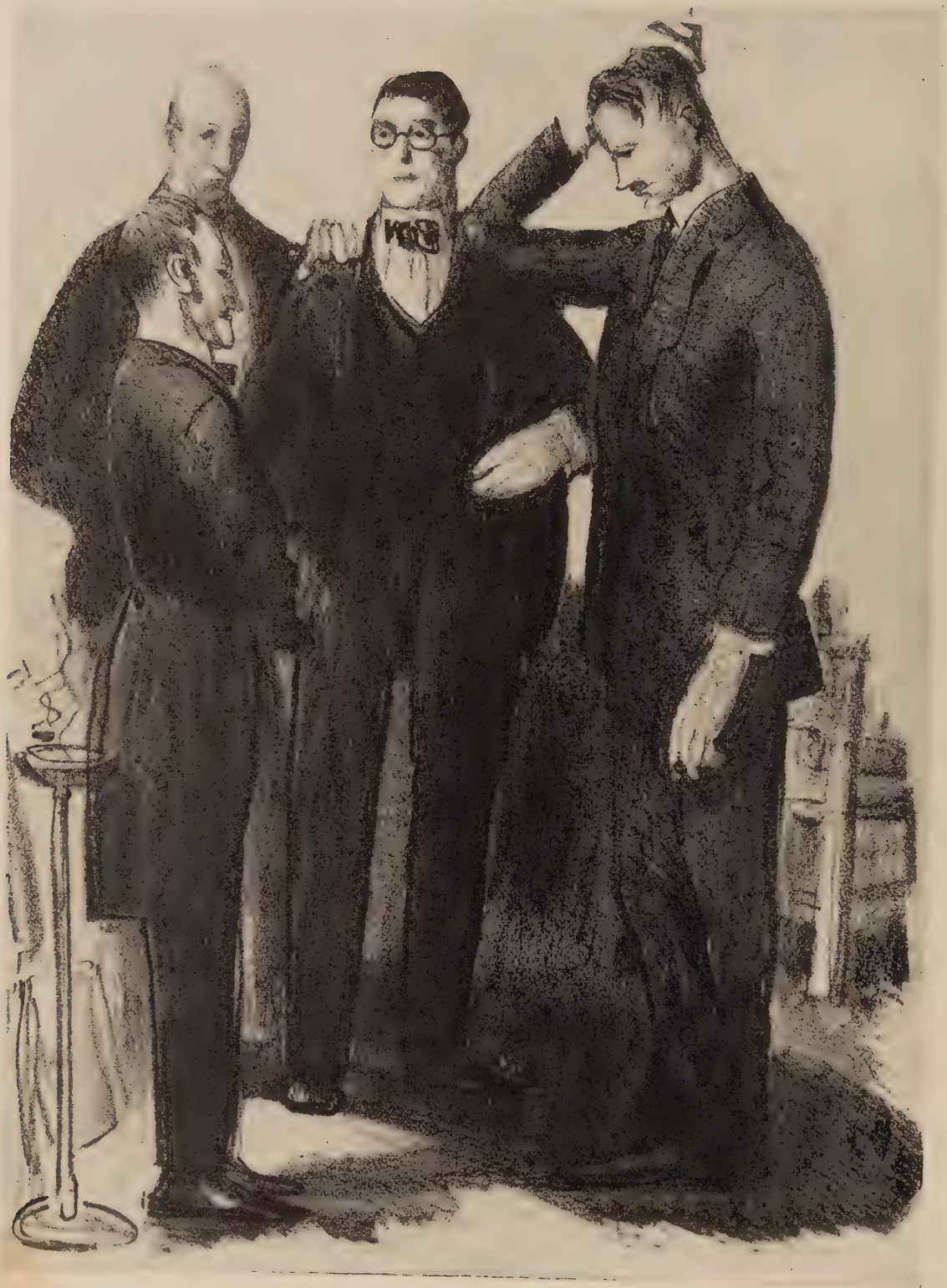
15 *The Dead-line*

16 *Portrait of Elsie Speicher*

17 *The Return to Life*

22 *Morning, No..2, Nude*

23 *Morning, No. 1, Nude*

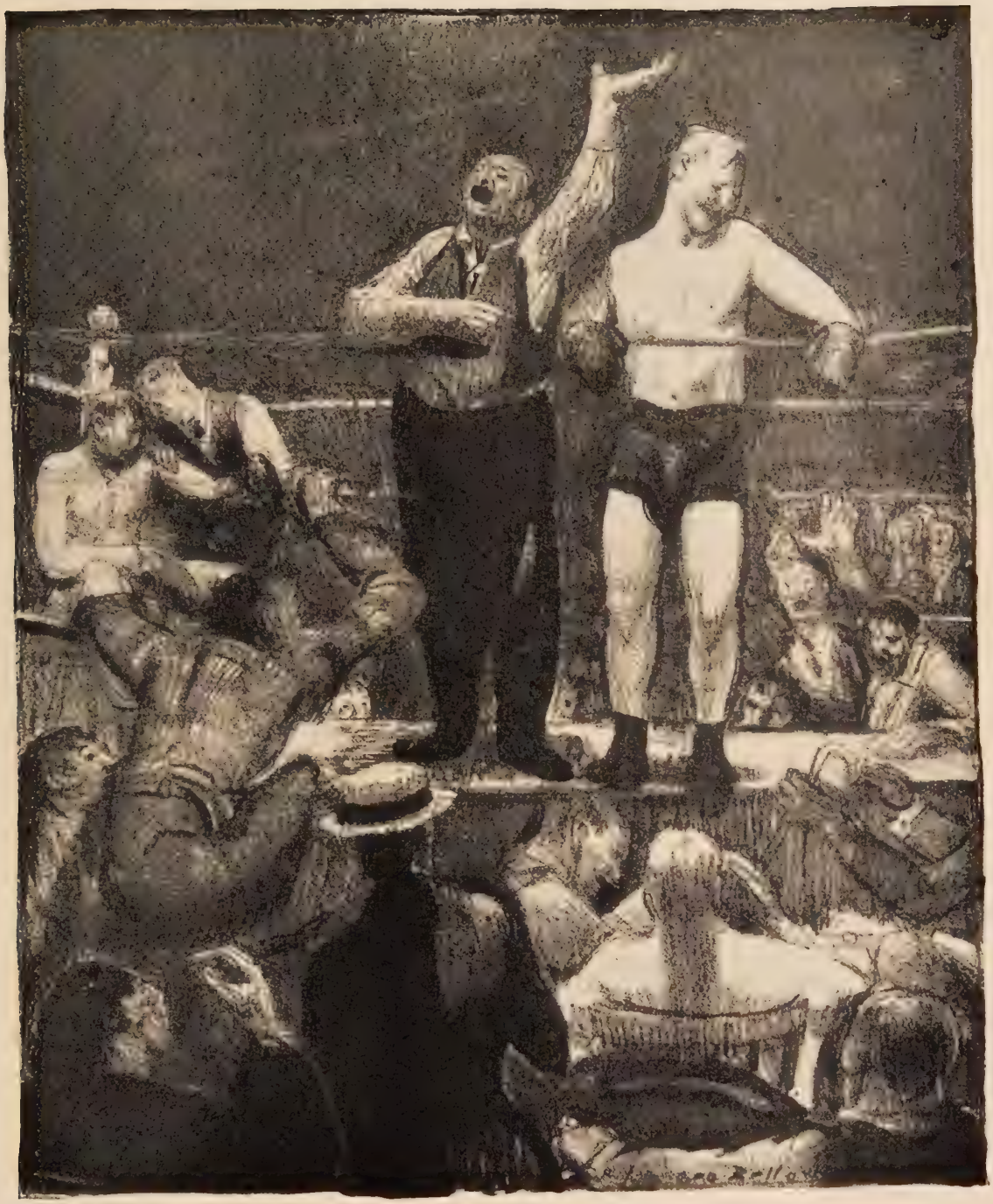


26 *Four Friends, Second State*

27 Gott Strafe

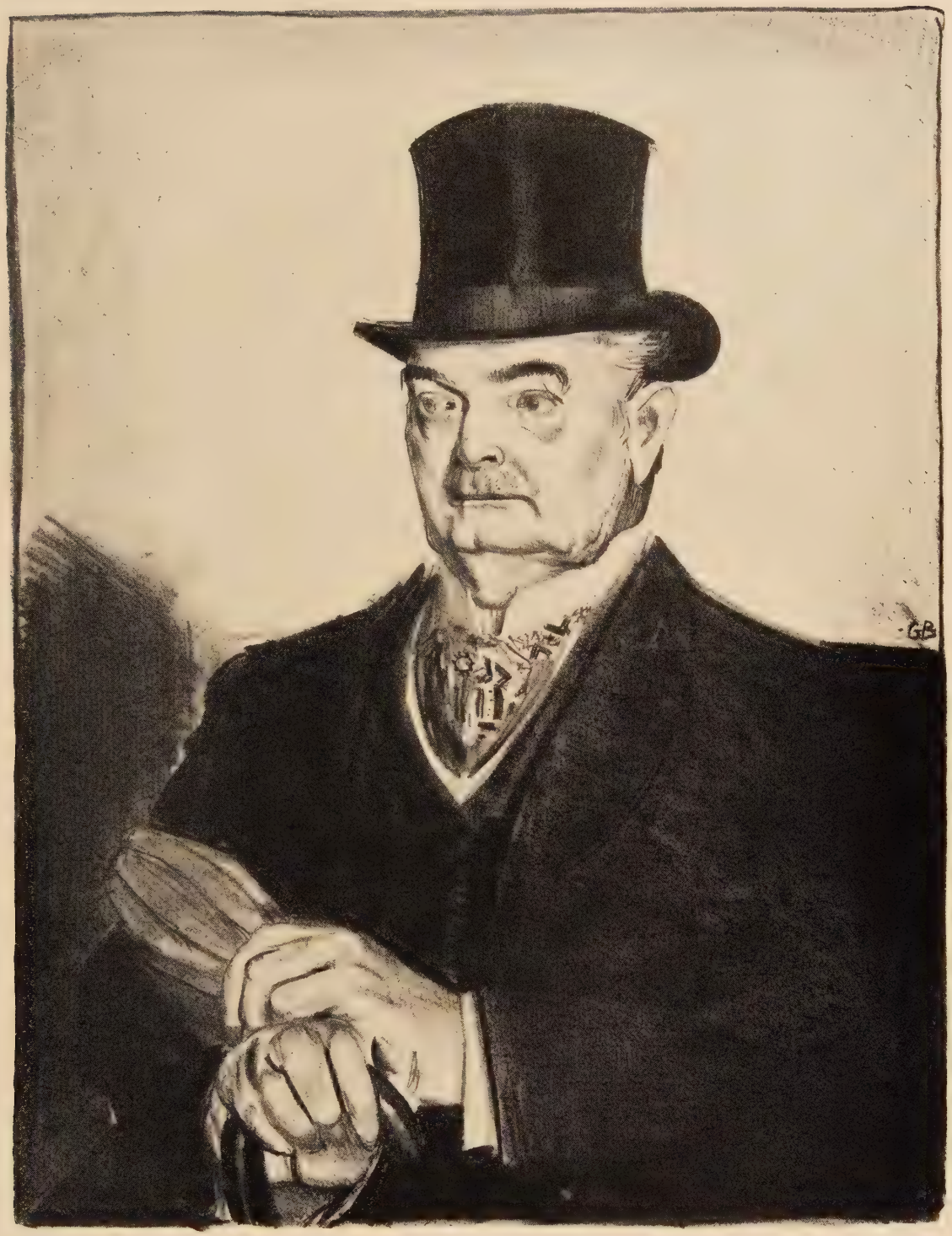
29 *Standing Nude*

30 *The Charge*



31 *Introducing the Champion, No. 2, Small*

32 *Portrait of W. E. Story, Second State*



33 *Man in a Silk Hat*

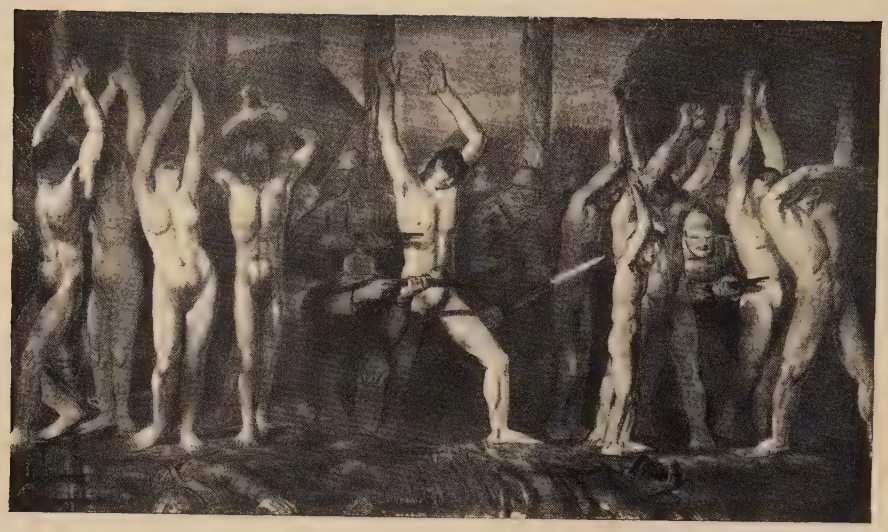
34 *Artists' Evening*

35 *The Charge, Detail*

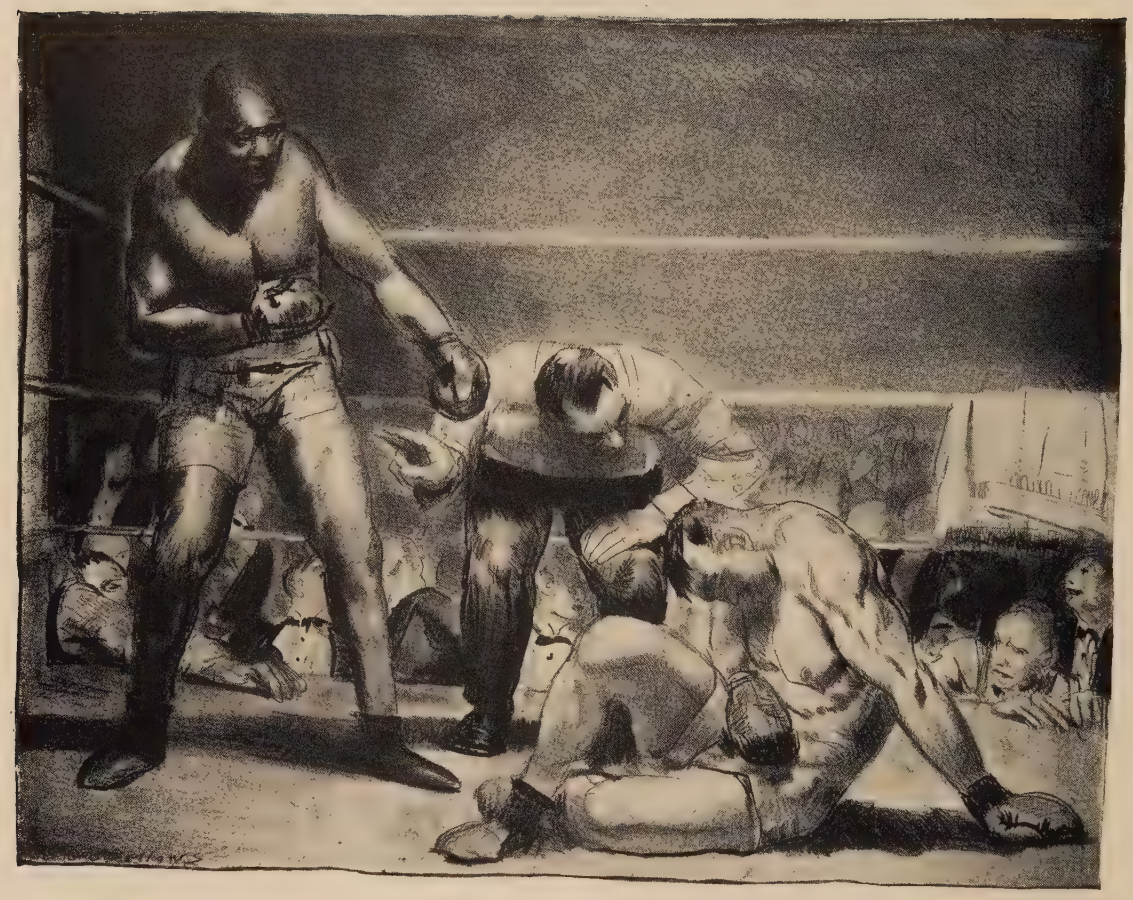
36 *The Statuette, Nude*

37 *Girl on a Flowered Cushion, Nude*

39 *Prayer meeting No. 2*



43 *Sniped*



45 *Jean in a Black Hat, Second State*

46 *Caricature of Speicher, Kroll and Bellows*

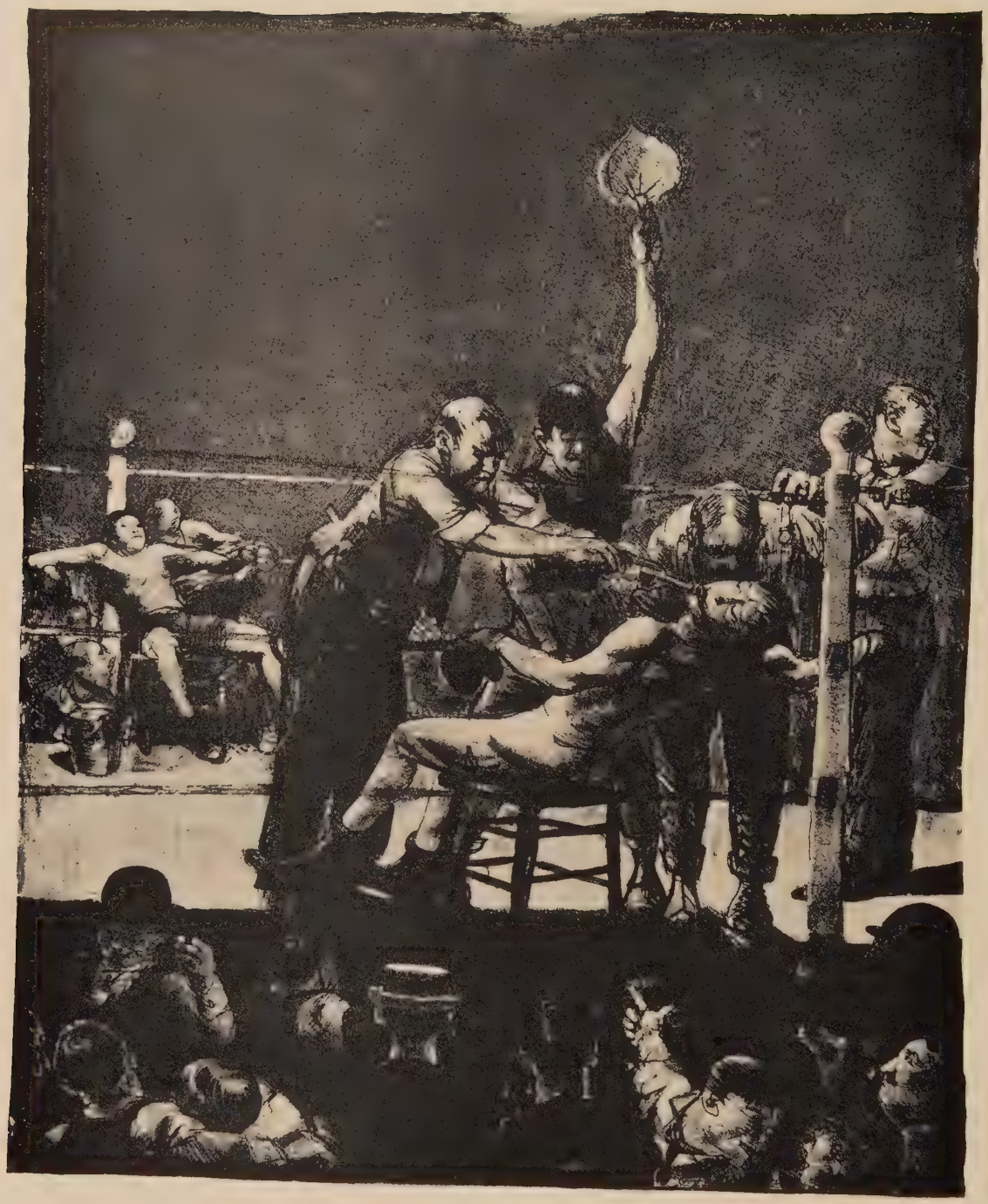
47 *My Family, No. 1*

48 *In the Park, First State*

49 *In the Park, Second State*

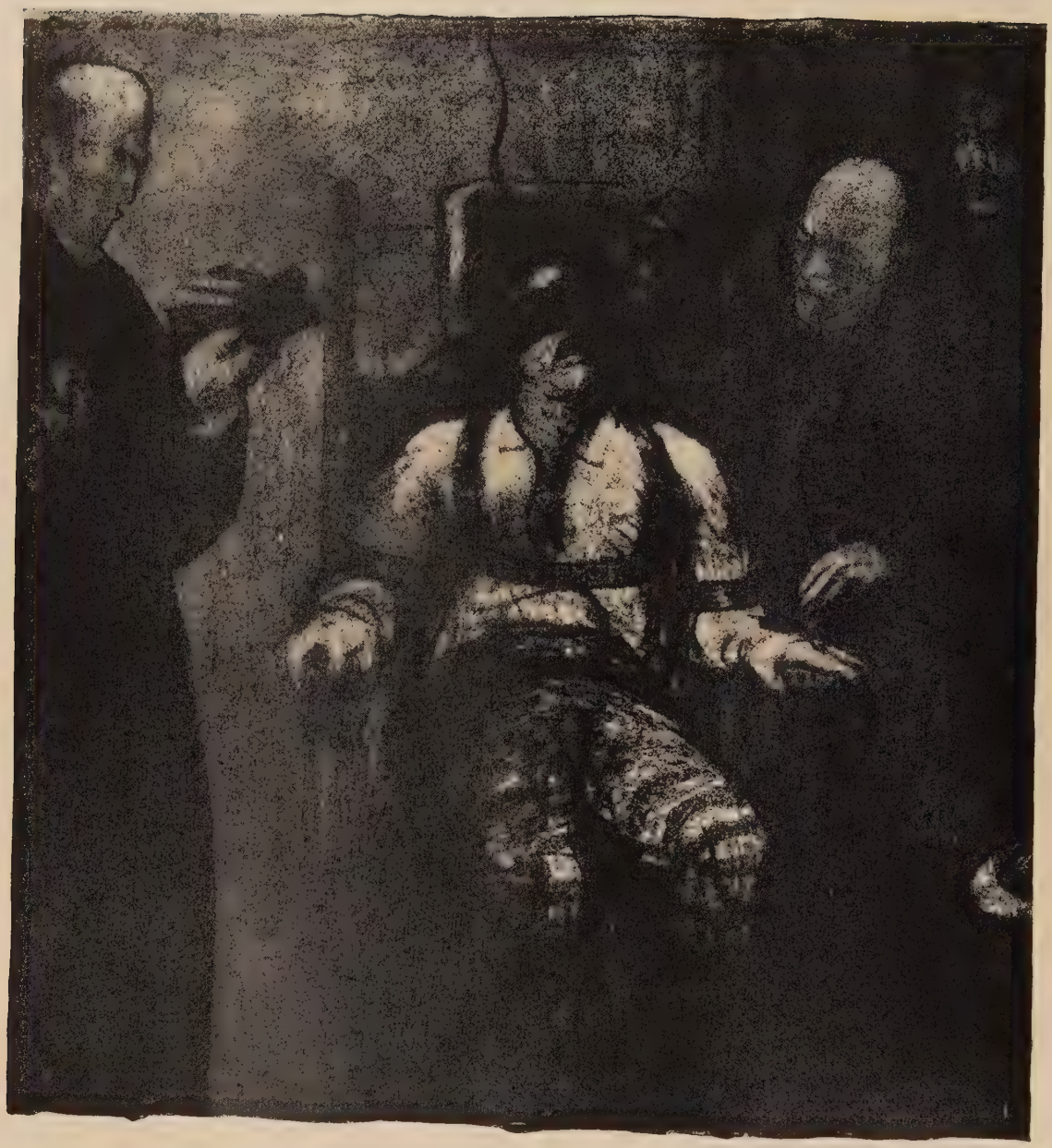
50 *Auntie Mason and Her Husband*

51 *Anne*



52 *Between Rounds, No. 1; Large*

53 *Irish Grandmother*

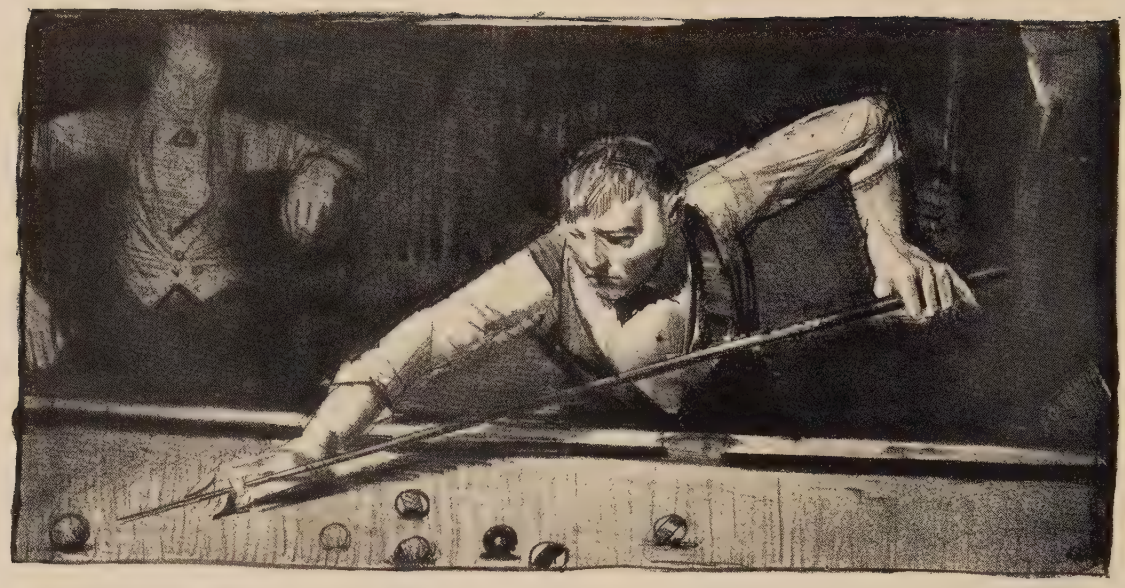


54 *Electrocution, Small*

55 *Electrocution, Large*

56 *The Sand Team*

57 *Head of Anne*



58 *Pool-player*

59 *Elsie, Figure*

60 *The Drunk*

61 *Solitude*

62 *Indoor Athlete, No. 1*

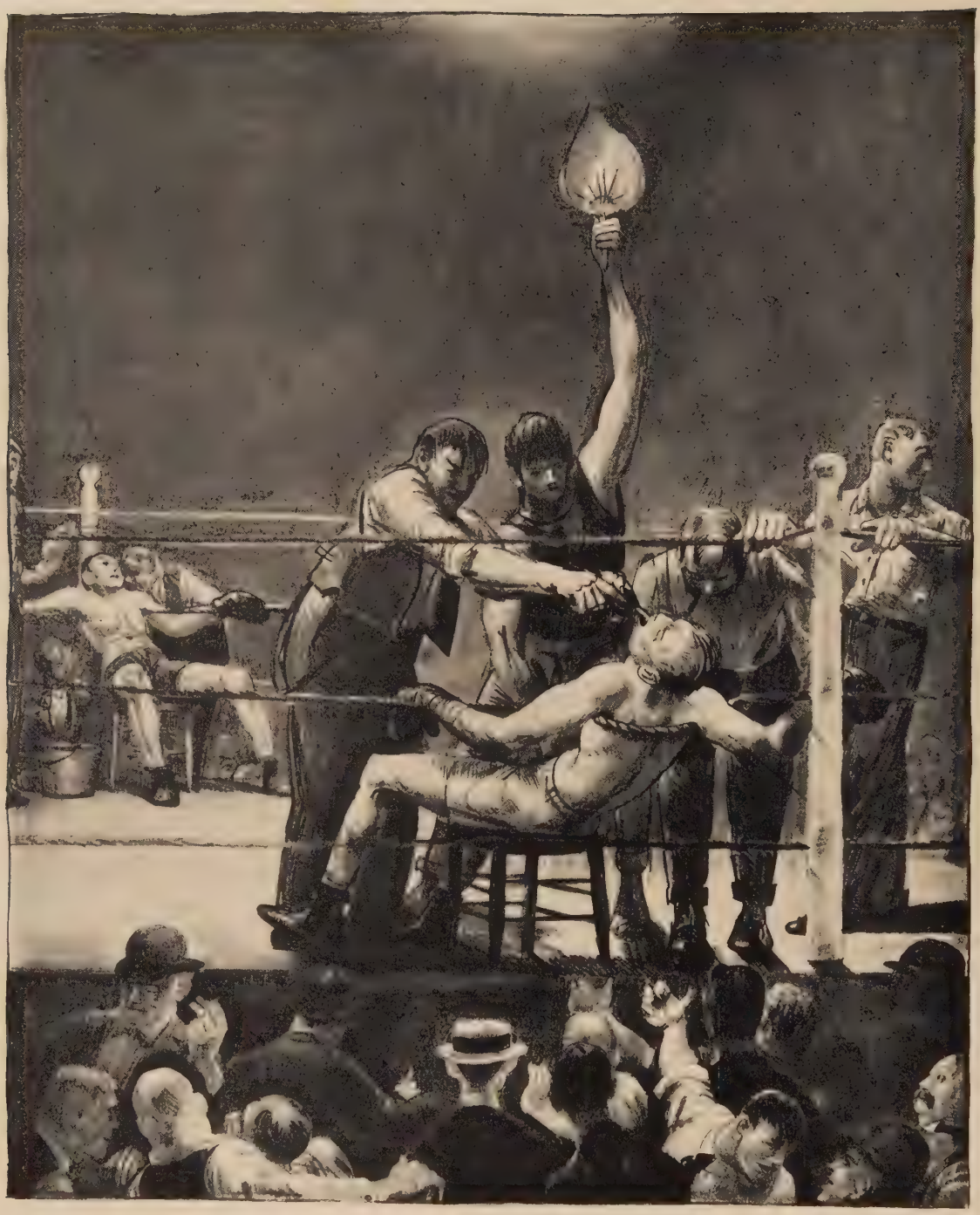
63 *Splinter Beach*

65 *Jean*

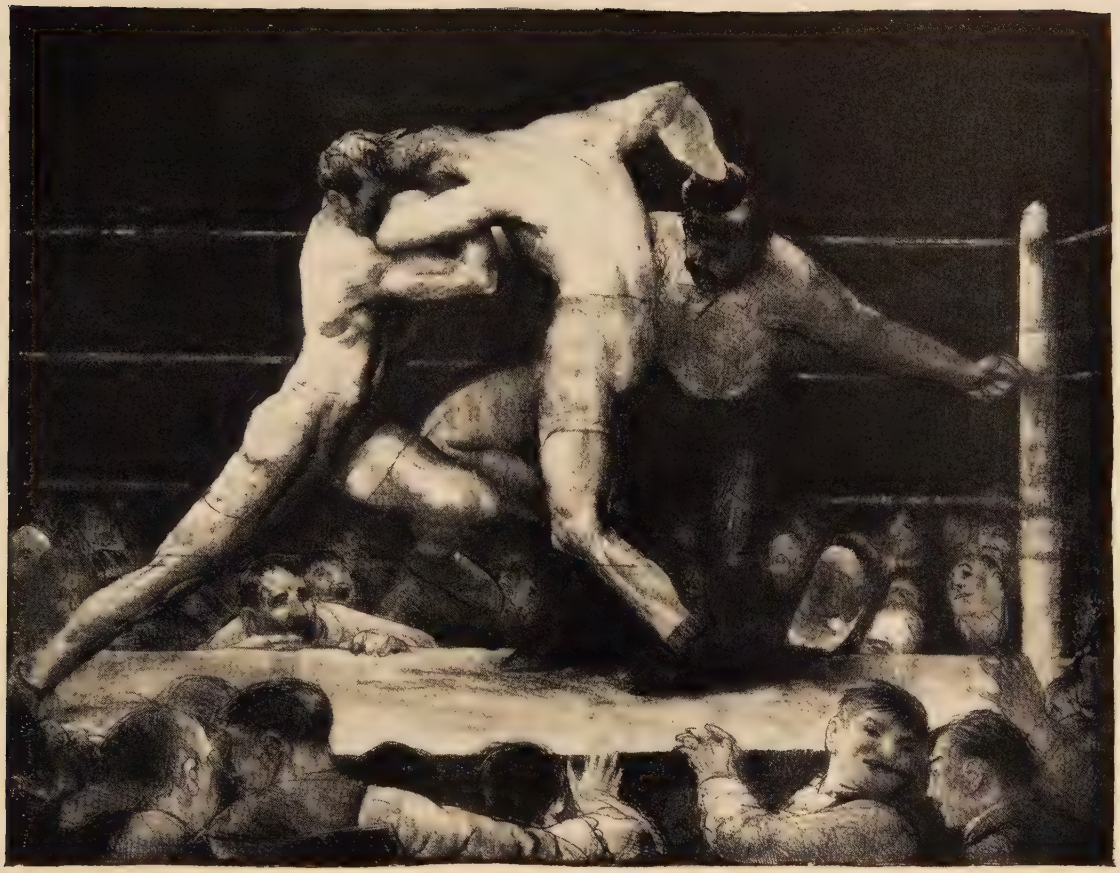
66 *Nude. Woman Kneeling*

67 Artist Drawing

69 *Counted Out, No. 2*



70 *Between Rounds, No. 2, Small*



71 *Stag at Sharkey's*

72 *Spring, Central Park*

73 *The Law Is Too Slow*

74 *Speicher Seated in a Chair*

75 *Head of Anne*

77 Indoor Athlete, No. 2

78 *A Knock-out*

79 Elsie Reading to Emma, First State

80 *The Crowd*

81 *Nude Study, Classic on a Couch*

82 *Study, Mrs. R.*

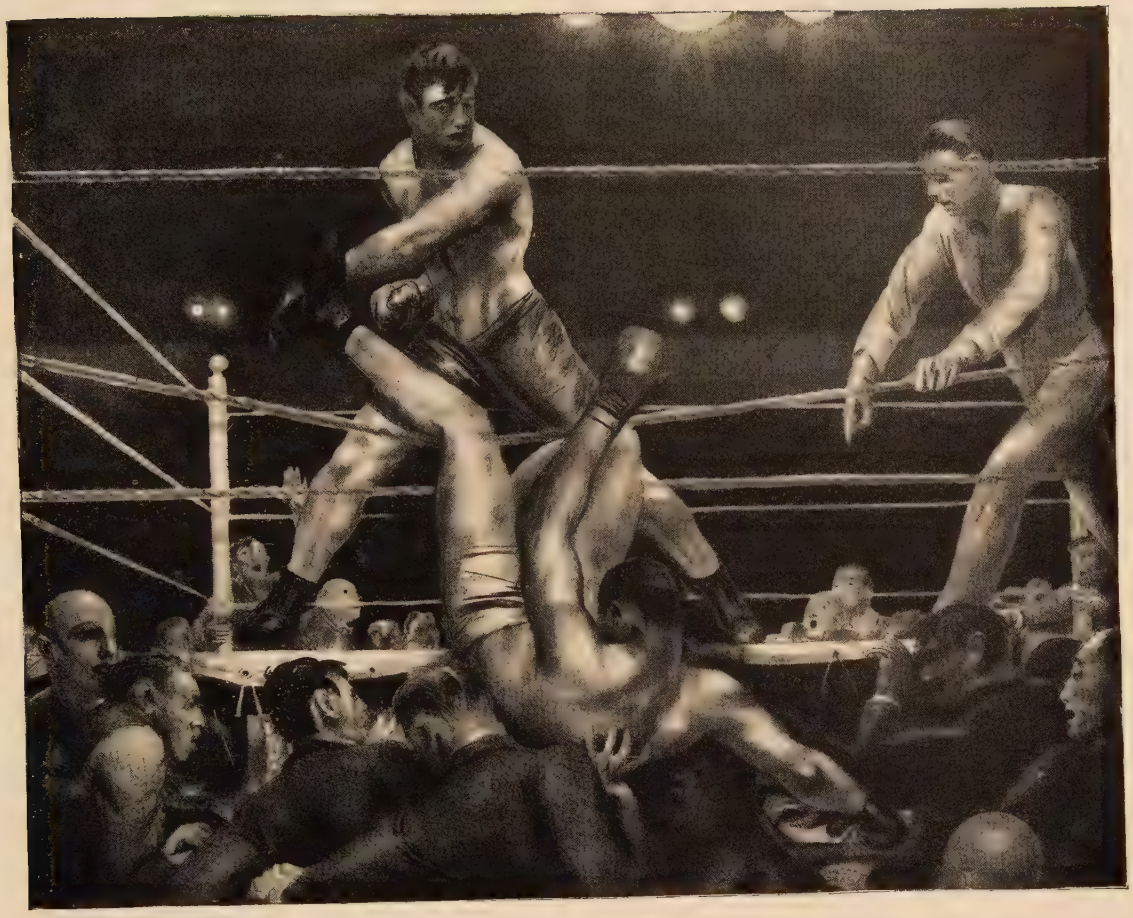
83 *Emma and Marjorie on a Sofa*

85 *Two Girls*

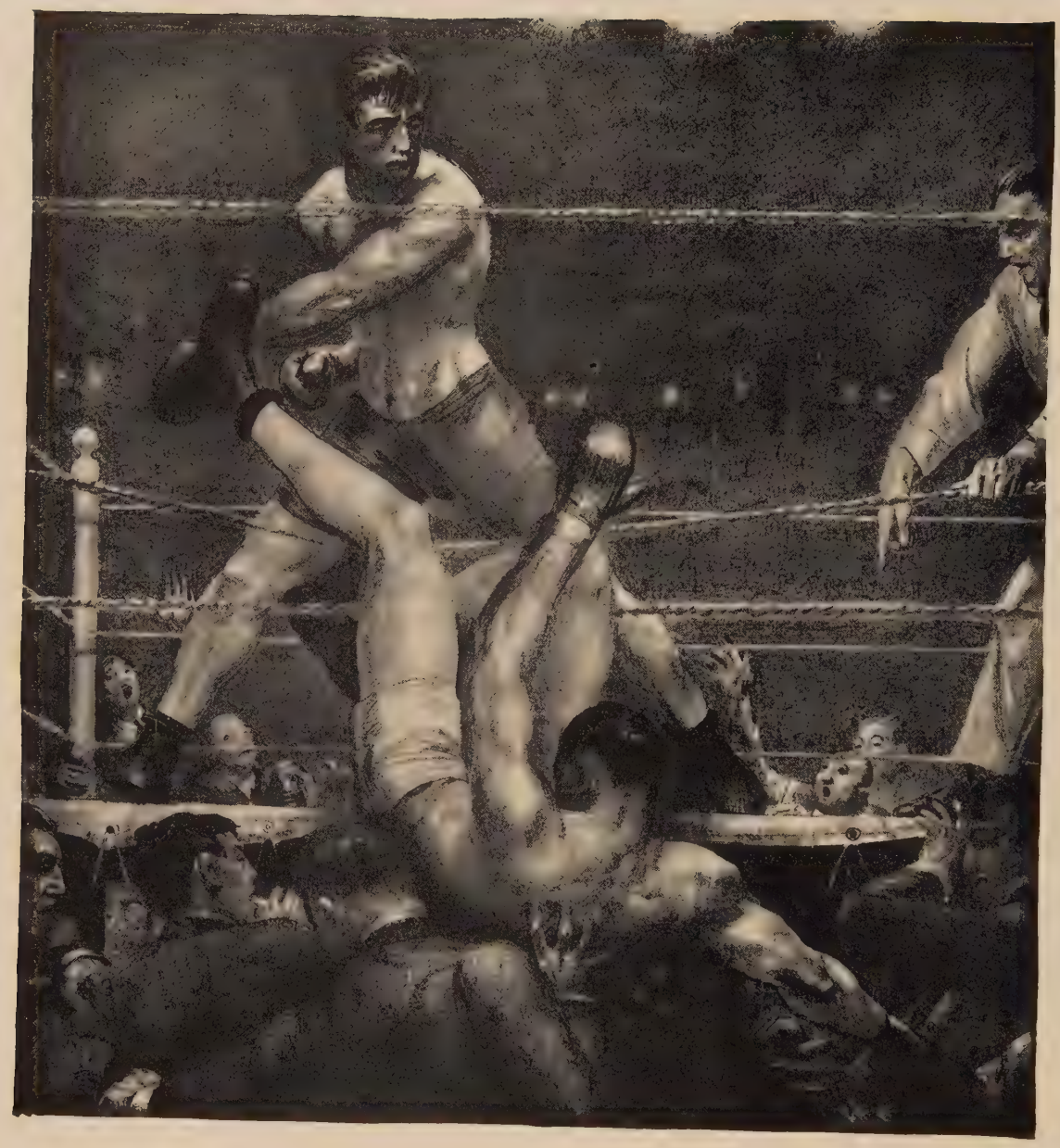
86 *Portrait of Robert Aitken, No. 1*

87 *Portrait of Robert Aitken, No. 2*

88 *Seated Nude*



89 *Dempsey and Firpo*



90 *Dempsey Through the Ropes*

91 *Anne*

92 *Dance in a Madhouse*

95 *Life Study, Nude Woman Seated*

96 *Emma. Elsie and Gene*

97 *Crucifixion of Christ*

98 *Hungry Dogs*

99 *Shower-bath*

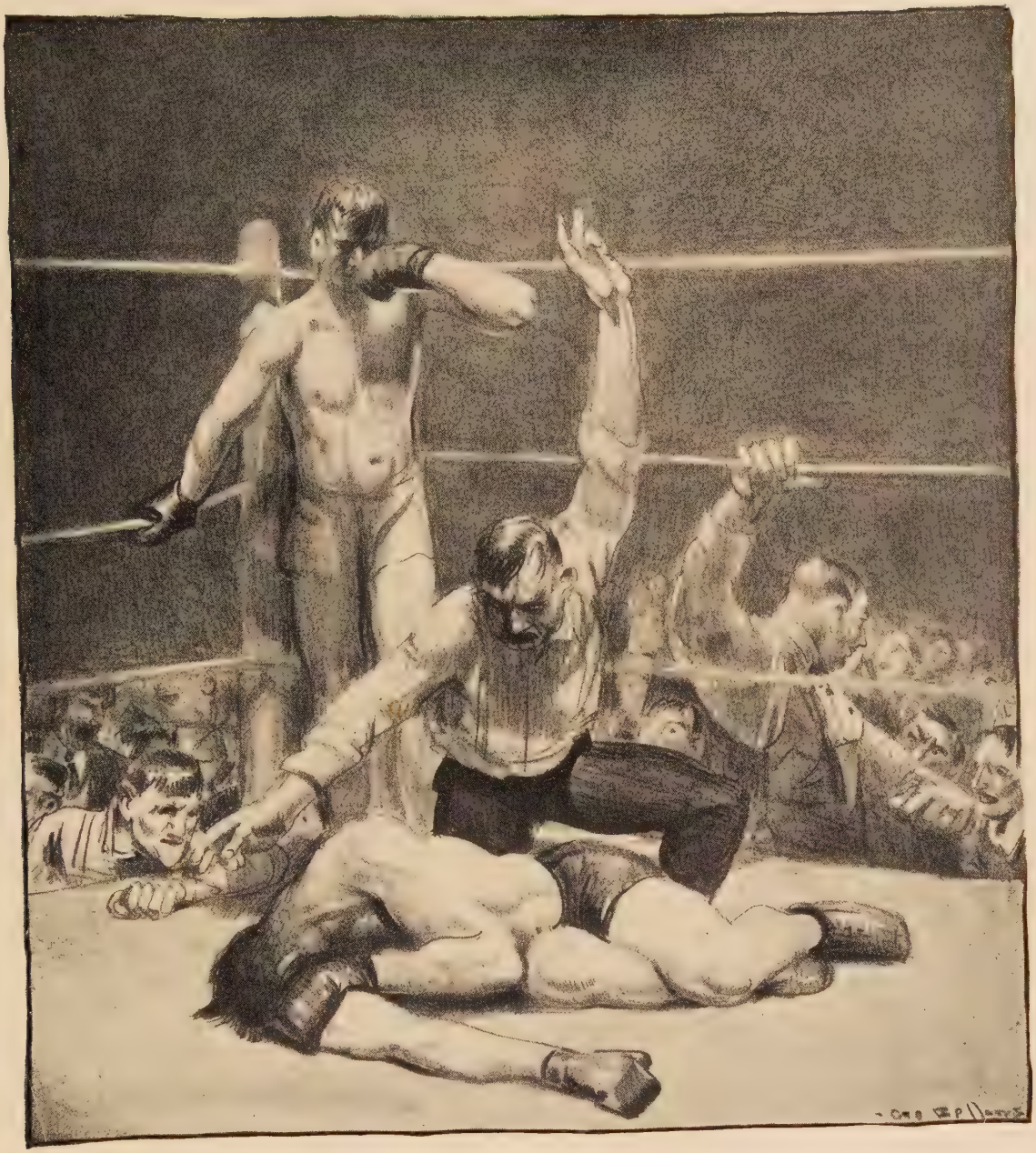
100 *Emma in a Chair, or Lady with a Fan*

101 *Fantasy*

102 *Lady of 1860, The Actress*

103 *Tennis at Newport*

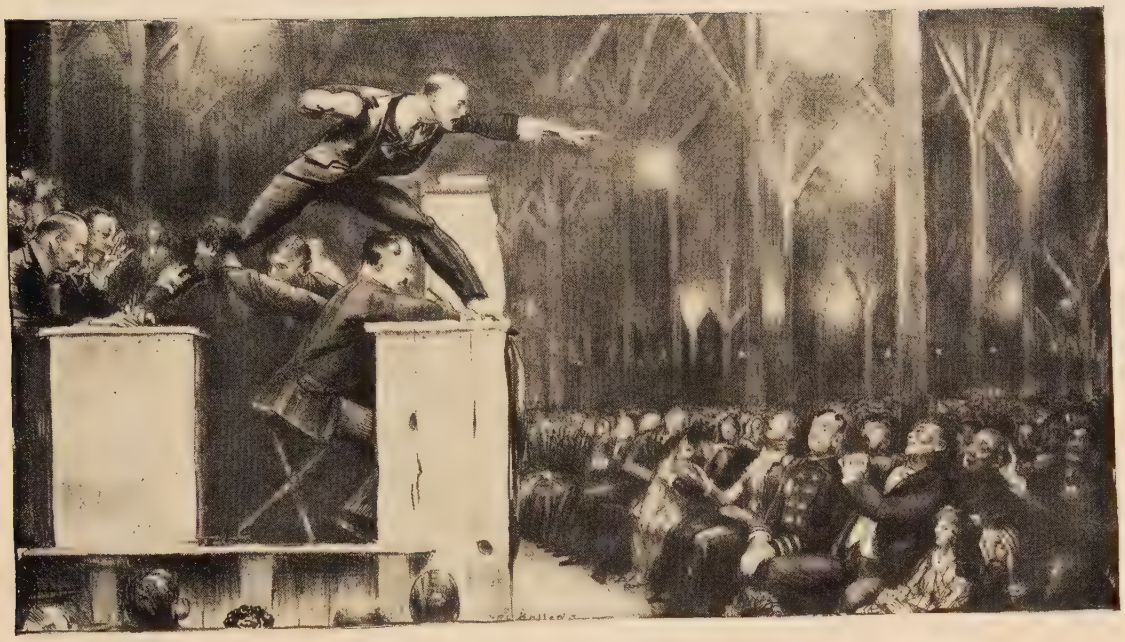
105 *Portrait, Louis Bouché*



107 *Counted Out, No. 1*

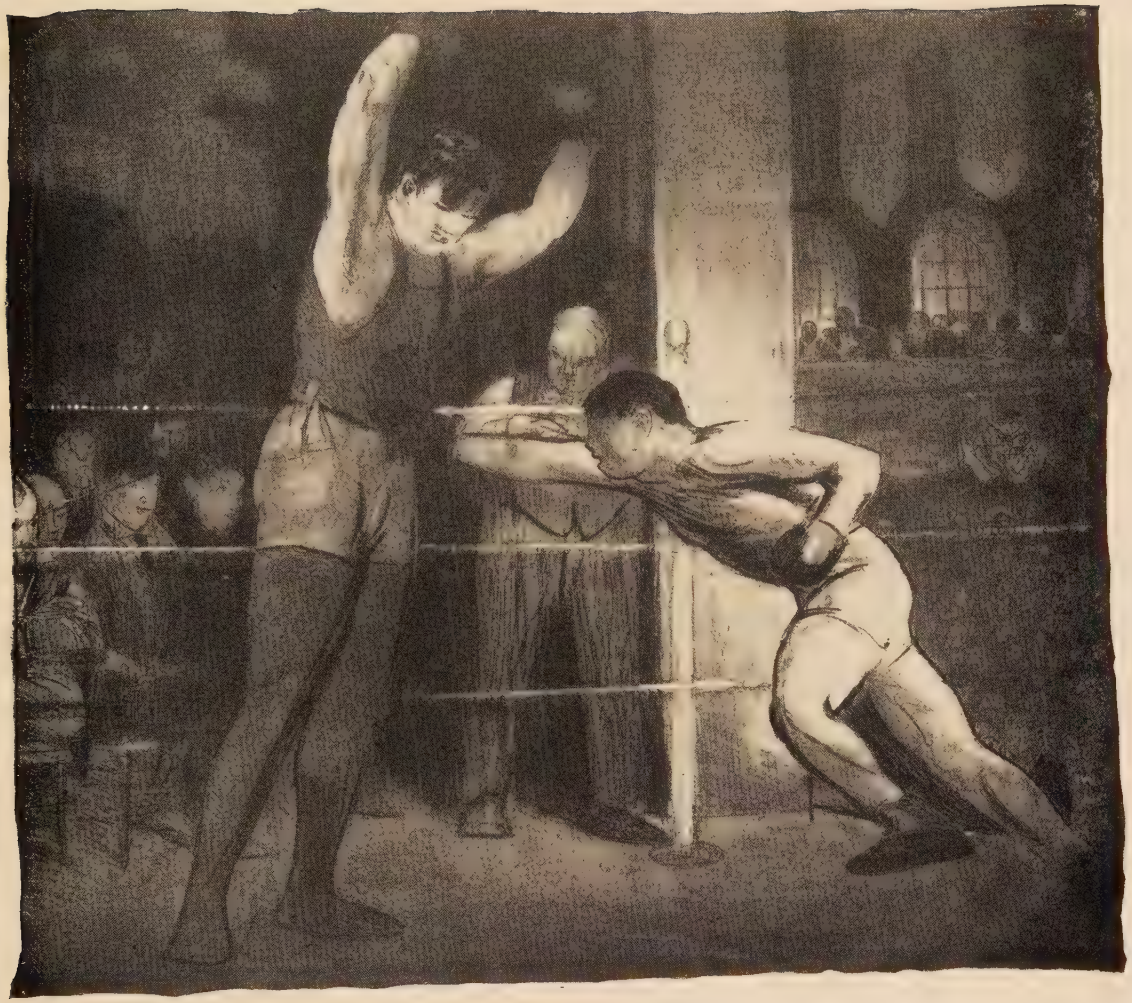
108 *Nude Study, Woman Lying Prone*

109 *Punchinello in the House of Death*



111 *Billy Sunday*

112 *Portrait of Mrs. Herbert Roth*



113 *Training-quarters*

114 *Arrangement, Emma in a Room*

115 *The Appeal to the People*

117 *Jean, Head*

121 *Matinicus*

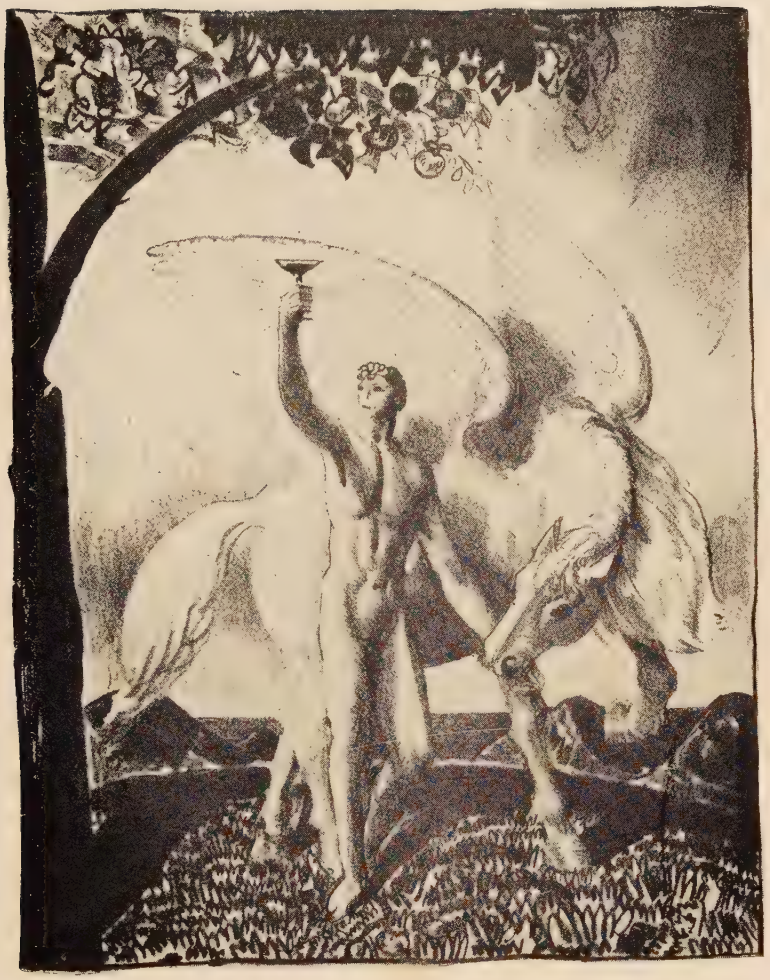
122 *Portrait of Eugene Speicher, No. 2*

123 *Family*

124 *Spiritual Potentate*

125 *Business-men's Bath*

126 *Jean in a Black Hat, First State*



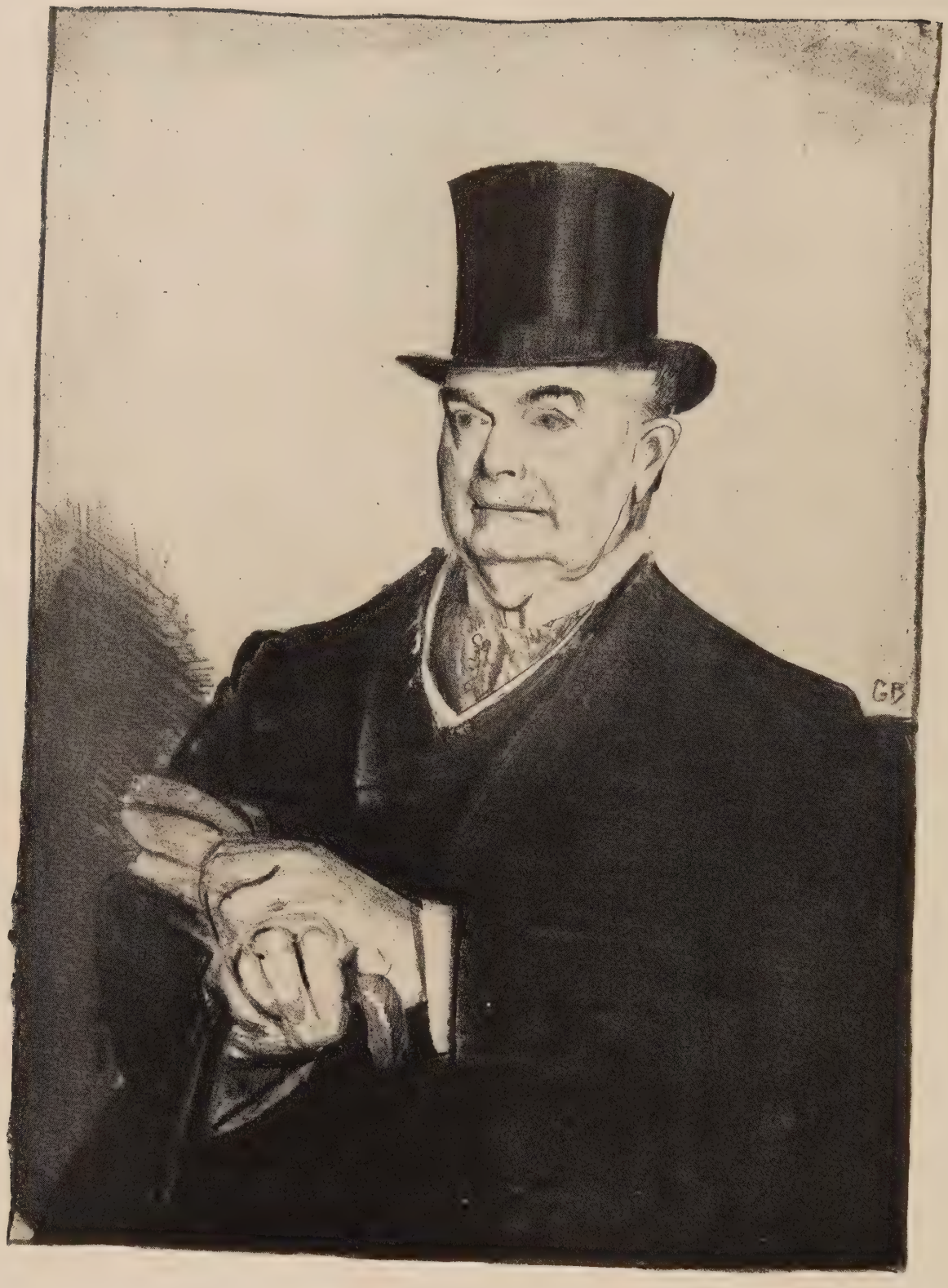
127 *New Society Dinner-card*

128 *Business-men's Class, Y.M.C.A.*

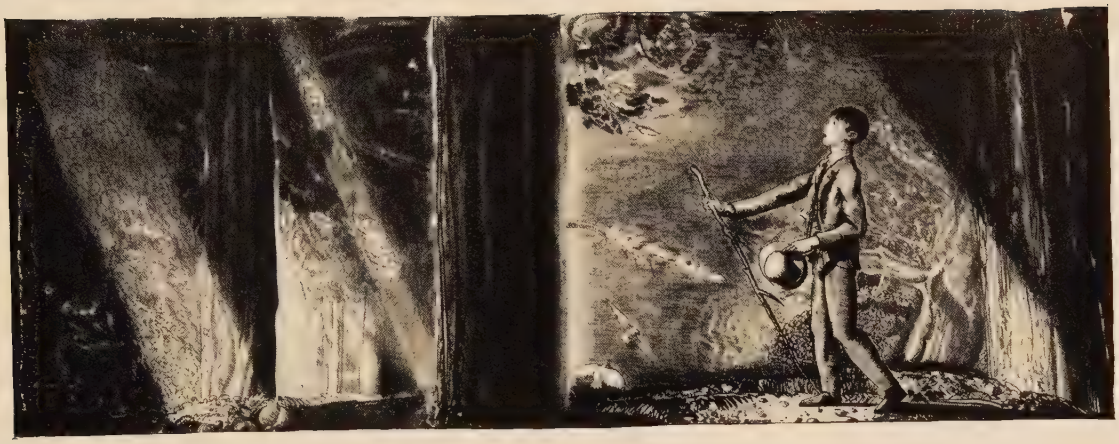
129 *Study of My Mother, No. 1*

130 *Nude Study, Woman Lying on a Pillow*

131 *Legs of the Sea*



132 *Portrait of W. E. Story, First State*

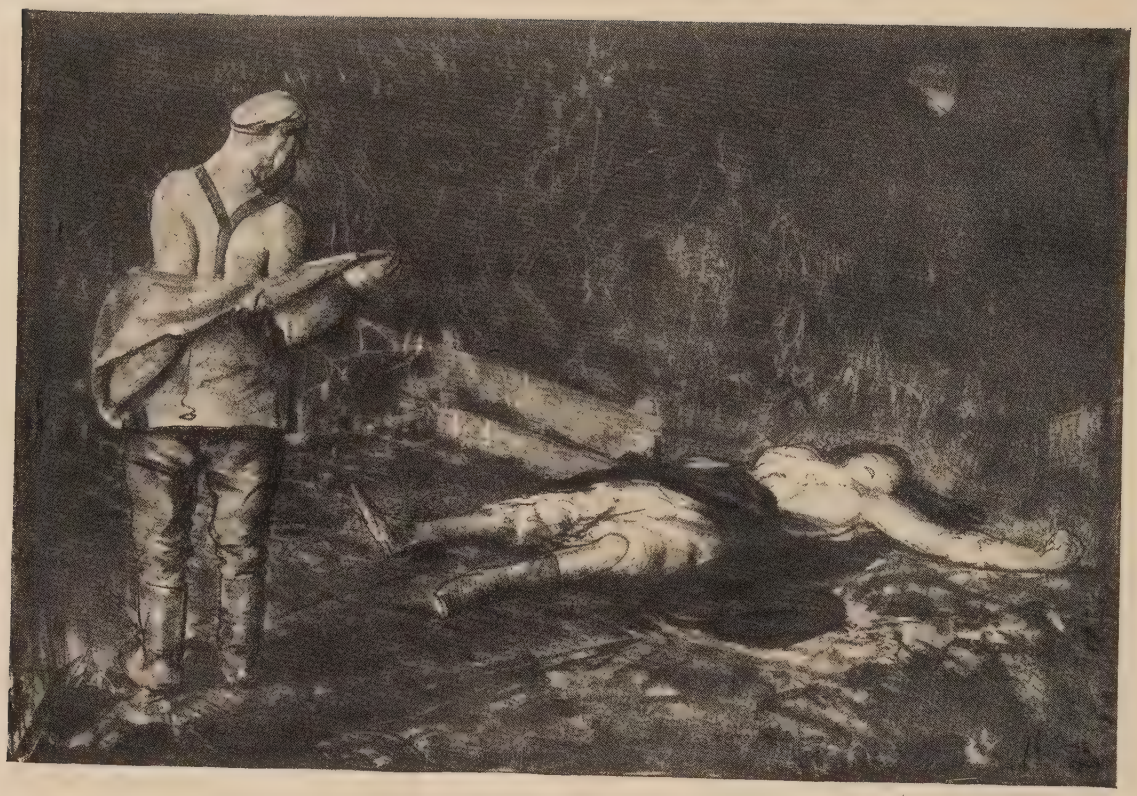


134 *Elsie Reading to Emma, Second State*

135 *Benediction in Georgia*

136 *The Model, Early Study, No. 1*

137 *The Model, Early Study, No. 2*



138 *Untitled*

139 *Shower-bath, Detail*

141 *Miss Tate*

142 *Pölo Sketch*

143 *Nude Study, Woman Stretched on Bed*

149 *The Return of the Useless*

150 *Lychnis and Her Sons*

151 *Reducing, Large, Second Stone*

152 *Reducing, Small, Third Stone*

153 *Portrait of Julian Bowes*

154 *Sunday, Going to Church*

155 *Nude on a Bed, Evening*

156 *Philosopher on the Rock*

157 *Final Instructions*

160 *The Black Hat*

163 *Study, Nude Woman Standing*

164 *Mother and Children*

165 *Head of Gregory*

166 *The Bacchanale*

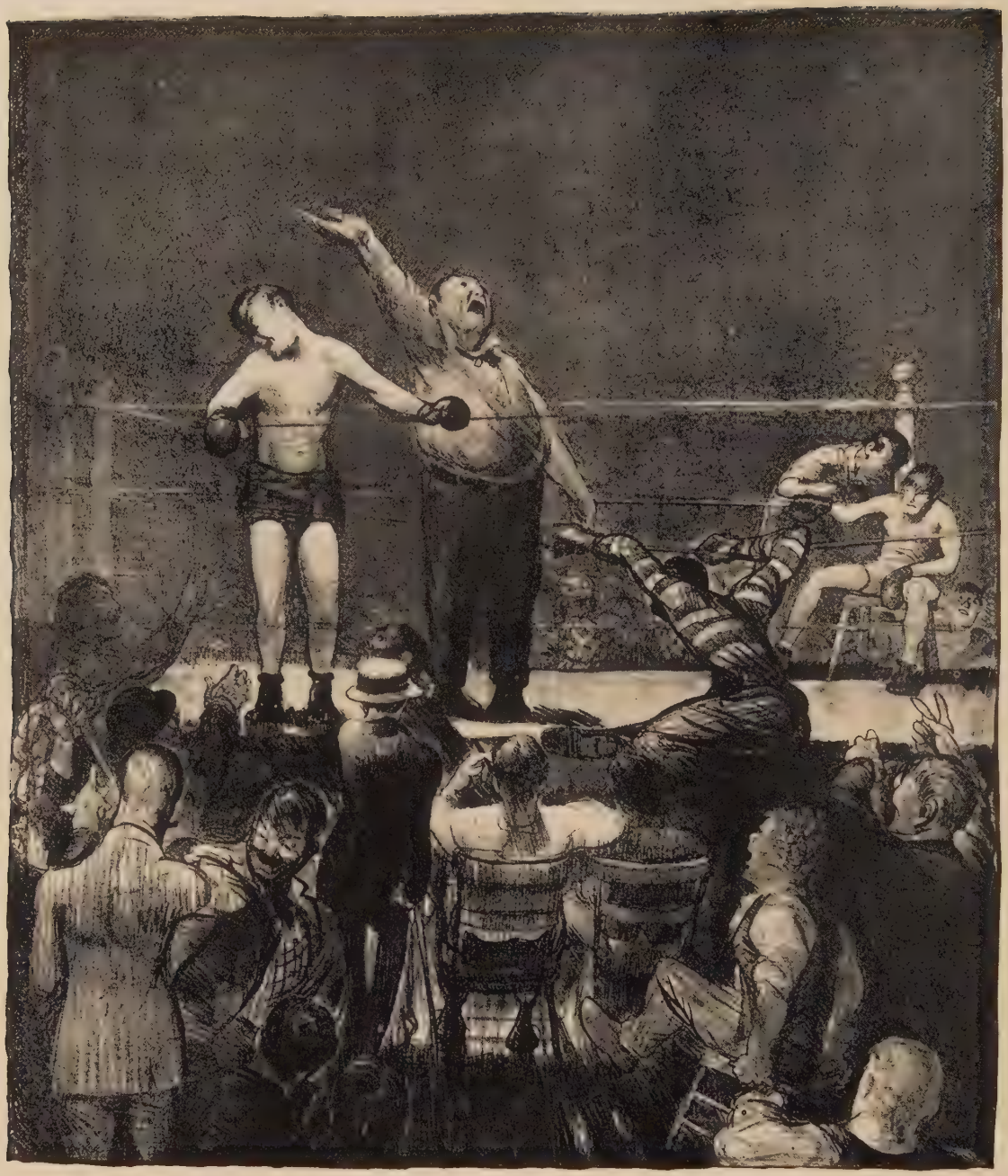
167 *The Old Rascal*

168 *Plaid Shawl*

169 *Evening Snow-storm*

170 *Sketch of Frank Byrne*

171 *Workman's Kitchen*



172 *Introducing the Champion, No. 1, Large*

173 *Study, Nude Woman Seated*

174 *Battlefield, Detail*

175 *Portrait of Mrs. R.*

176 *Initiation in the Frat*

177 *Portrait of Eugene Speicher, No. 1*

179 *Married Couple*

180 *Girl Sewing*

181 *In the Subway*

182 *Anne in a Spotted Dress*

183 *The Cigarette*

184 *Girl Fixing Her Hair*

185 *Massacre*

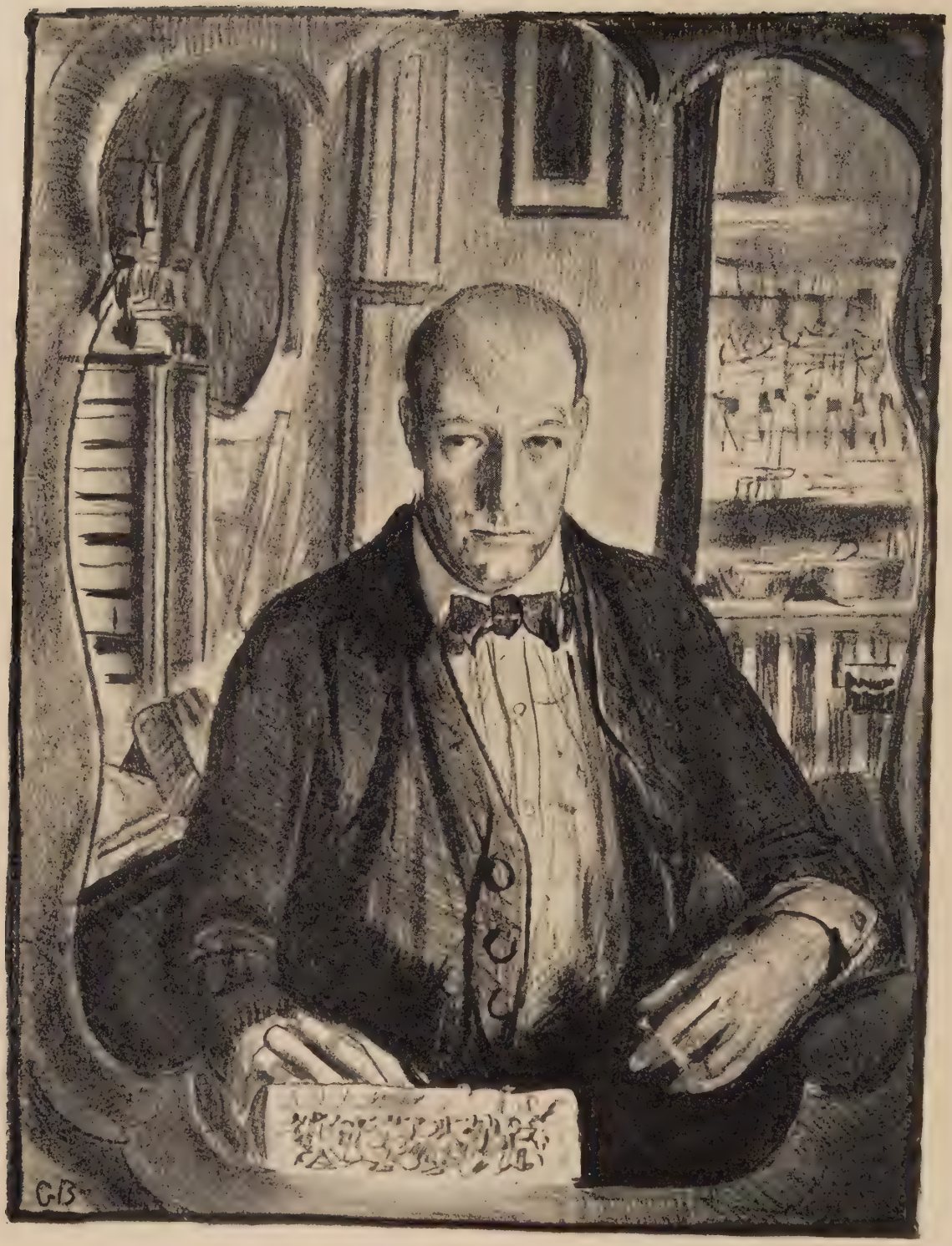
186 *Study of B. P.*

187 *Well at Quevado*

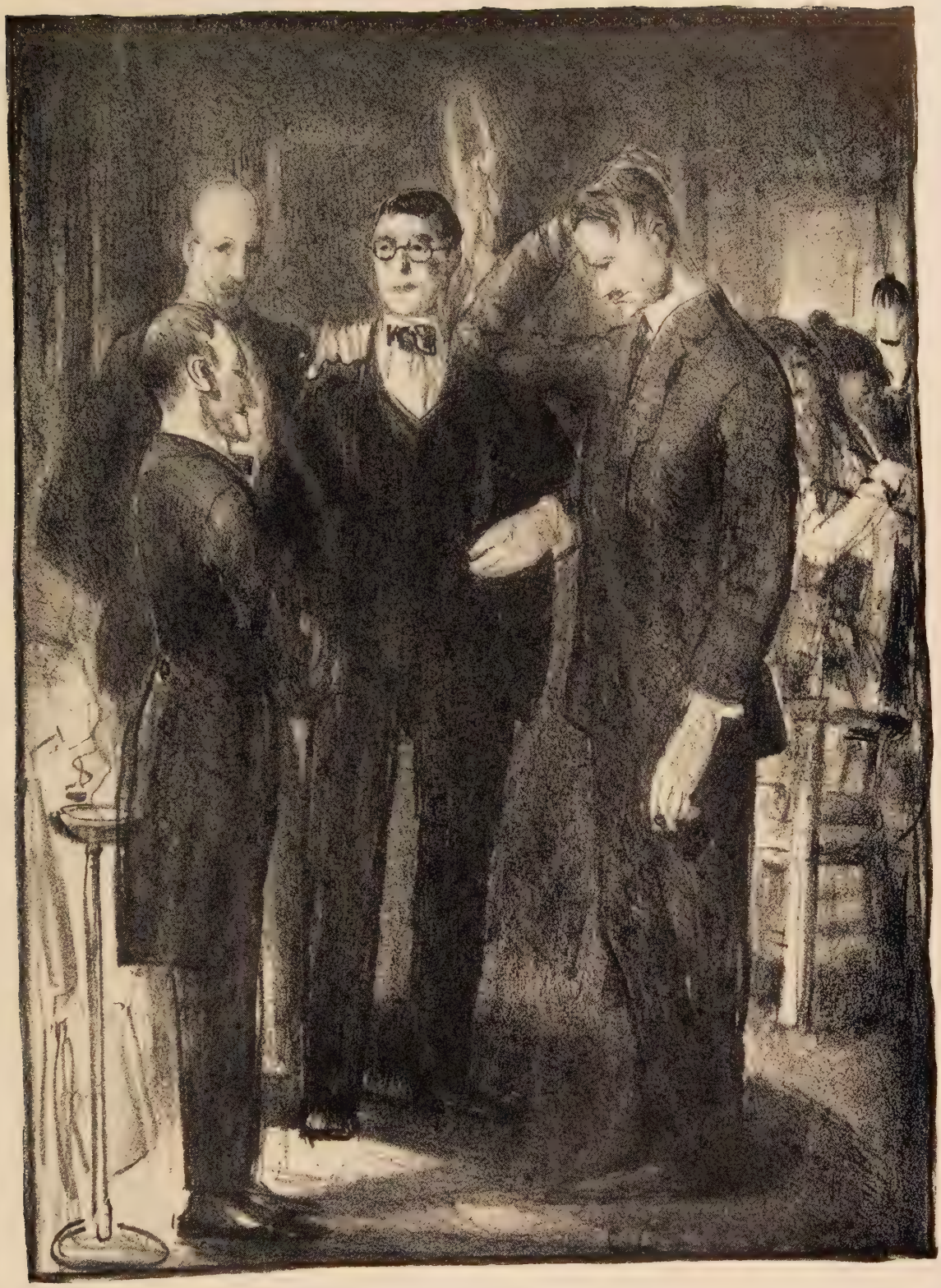
189 *Tennis Tournament*

190 *Old Irish Woman*

193 *The Life Class*



194 *Self-portrait*



195 *Four Friends, First State*

196 *Reducing, Large, First Stone*

LITHOGRAPHY

BY

ATHERTON CURTIS

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A LITHOGRAPH, IN ITS ORDINARY FORM, is simply a crayon drawing on stone, done precisely in the manner of a crayon or a charcoal drawing on paper, the difference being that by means of a printing press the drawing on stone may be multiplied, as in etching or engraving.

The crayon used in lithography is partly composed of soap, which sinks into the stone wherever it is touched by the crayon. When the drawing is finished the surface of the stone is covered with acid. This process is technically called etching, but it is not etching in the sense that the term is employed for the bitten line of a copperplate. The acid makes no incision in the stone, but is used for the purpose of fixing the drawing, or rather for rendering the parts not drawn upon less capable of receiving the ink in the printing. The artist will find it more advantageous to leave the etching of his stone to the printer, for some experience is required in order to obtain satisfactory results; and as the process is purely mechanical, the drawing itself is in no way affected by the acid, provided the stone is properly etched. The greatest danger lies in leaving the acid too long upon the stone, in which case part of the

drawing itself may be eaten away. In order to print impressions, the stone is moistened with water, and as water and grease do not combine, the parts drawn upon repel the water, while the parts not drawn upon absorb it. A roller charged with greasy ink is now passed over the surface, and for the same reason as before the ink is repelled by the wet parts and adheres to every part drawn upon. A sheet of paper is placed upon the stone, which is then passed through the press. The ink becomes transferred to the paper, and produces an exact facsimile of the original drawing. These are the principles upon which lithography rests, though there are other mechanical details connected with the printing into which it is unnecessary to enter, and which, like the process of etching, are better left to the printer.

INDICES

IT is not possible to state the exact number of impressions made from each stone, but I believe the average edition to have been about fifty copies.

Bellows did, however, once state definitely that the edition of "Stag at Sharkey's," which numbers 98 prints, was his largest. The others are known to have varied from 1 to 80.

Emma S. Bellows.

DESCRIPTIVE INDEX

1 *Study of My Mother, No. 2, 1921.*

This lithograph is of later date than the two oil portraits of similar composition. George Bellows's mother was born at Sag Harbor, Long Island. Her father was Captain Daniel Smith, seaman, merchantman, whaler. Directly after her marriage Mrs. Bellows went west to make her home in Columbus, Ohio.

2 *Allan Donn Puts to Sea, 1923.*

Fifteen drawings were made by George Bellows as illustrations for "The Wind Bloweth" by Donn Byrne when the book was published serially in the Century Magazine. This lithograph is from one of these drawings.

3 *Nude Study, Woman Kneeling on a Pillow, 1924.*

4 *Marjorie, Emma and Elsie, 1921.*

Reading from right to left, Marjorie Henri, Emma Bellows, Elsie Speicher, in George Bellows' studio, 146 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

5 *The Last Count, 1921.*

Unique print. As far as is known there exists only one proof from this stone.

6 *Portrait of John Carroll, 1923.*

7 *Irish Town, 1923.*

Subject suggested by Donn Byrne's book "The Wind Bloweth."

8 *The Enemy Arrive, 1918.*

One of a series of drawings made at the time of the late war. George Bellows was emotionally affected by the events of his own time. The reported brutalities of the war created in him an intense state of mind which expressed itself in a series of war lithographs, drawings and paintings. These remain as his indictment of war.

9 *The Street, 1917.*

New York. Lower East Side.

10 *My Family, No. 2, 1921.*

George, Emma, Anne and Jean Bellows in the Nineteenth Street studio.

11 *Edith Cavell, 1918.* One of the war series.

12 *The Hold-up, First State, 1921.*

13 *The Hold-up, Second State, 1921.*

14 *Study of Mary, 1923.*

Mary McKinnon (Mrs. John De Vries).

15 *The Dead-line, 1923.*

A tragic account of a coal-mine disaster suggested this lithograph.

16 *Portrait of Elsie Speicher, 1921.*

Wife of Eugene Speicher.

17 *The Return to Life, 1923.*

Illustrating an incident in H. G. Wells's " Men Like Gods." George Bellows made a number of drawings to accompany the serial publication of this book in Hearst's International Magazine. The work greatly interested him because of the opportunity to use the nude in illustration, and this interest led to the series of lithographs.

18 *Bathing-beach, 1921.*

A Sunday afternoon on Third Beach, Newport, Rhode Island.

19 *Old Billiard-player, 1921.*

At The Players, Gramercy Park, New York.

20 *The Lovers that Passed Him By, 1923.*

" Men Like Gods " series.

21 *Preliminaries to Big Bout, 1916.*

For the first time in New York prize-fight history, many fashionable women appeared in the audience.

22 *Morning, No. 2, Nude, 1921.*

23 *Morning, No. 1, Nude, 1921.*

24 *River-front, 1924.*

East River, New York City. A favourite theme for both paintings and lithographs.

25 *The Last Victim, 1918.*

War series.

26 *Four Friends, Second State, 1921.*

Reading from left to right, Leon Kroll, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher and Robert Henri.

27 *Gott Strafe, 1918.*

War series.

28 *The Garden of Growth, 1923.*

" Men Like Gods " series.

29 *Standing Nude, 1916.*

30 *The Charge, 1918.*

War series.

31 *Introducing the Champion, No. 2, Small, 1921.*

32 *Portrait of W. E. Story, Second State, 1921.*

The artist's father-in-law. Mr. Story was a New Yorker, as were his father and his grandfather. The latter fought in the War of 1812.

33 *Man in a Silk Hat, 1921.*

William E. Story.

34 *Artists' Evening, 1916.*

The scene is at " Petitpas," a little French restaurant well over on West Twenty-ninth Street, New York. Here artists and writers liked to gather at the table of the old Irish portraitist, John Butler Yeats, father of William B. Yeats, the poet, and Jack Yeats, Dublin artist. Mr. Yeats, although well on in the seventies, was a delightful conversationalist, a wit and a great lover of beauty. There was always the spirit of youth about his table.

In the picture Mr. Yeats, Robert Henri and George Bellows form the group in the foreground.

35 *The Charge, Detail, 1918.*

War series.

36 *The Statuette, Nude, 1917.*

37 *Girl on a Flowered Cushion, Nude, 1924.*

38 *Prayer-meeting, No. 1, 1916.*

A testimonial in the church at Monhegan Island, Maine. This was Bellows's first lithograph.

39 *Prayer-meeting, No. 2, 1916.*

40 *The Barricade, No. 1, 1918.*

41 *The Barricade, No. 2, 1918.*

42 *The Christ of the Wheel, 1923.*
"Men Like Gods" series.

43 *Sniped, 1918.*
War series.

44 *The White Hope, 1921.*
A prize-fight in New York.

45 *Jean in a Black Hat, Second State, 1924.*
The artist's younger daughter.

46 *Caricature of Speicher, Kroll and Bellows, 1921.*

47 *My Family, No. 1, 1921.*

48 *In the Park, First State, 1916.*
Early summer. Central Park.

49 *In the Park, Second State, 1916.*

50 *Auntie Mason and Her Husband, 1924.*
The daguerreotype period.

51 *Anne, 1924.*
The artist's older daughter.

52 *Between Rounds, No. 1, Large, 1916.*

53 *Irish Grandmother, 1923.*

54 *Electrocution, Small, 1917.*

55 *Electrocution, Large, 1917.*

56 *The Sand Team, 1919.*

The original oil painting, bearing the same title, is owned by the Brooklyn Museum.

57 *Head of Anne, 1921.*

Anne Bellows.

58 *Pool-player, 1921.*

59 *Elsie, Figure, 1921.*

60 *The Drunk, 1924.*

61 *Solitude, 1917.*

Central Park on a summer night.

62 *Indoor Athlete, No. 1, 1921.*

63 *Splinter Beach, 1916.*

East River, New York.

64 *The Parlor Critic, 1921.*

Relaxation of a professional critic.

65 *Jean, 1923.*

Jean Bellows.

66 *Nude, Woman Kneeling, 1916.*

67 *Artist Drawing, 1924.*

Eugene Speicher.

68 *The Irish Fair, 1923.*

" The Wind Bloweth " series.

69 *Counted Out, No. 2, 1921.*

70 *Between Rounds, No. 2, Small, 1923.*

In a New York ring.

71 *Stag at Sharkey's, 1917.*

The " Stag at Sharkey's " was the first lithograph to attract general public attention. Many of the early pictures of prize-fights were impressions of nights at this "Club "

72 *Spring, Central Park, 1921.*

73 *The Law Is Too Slow, 1923.*

An illustration for a tragic story. The reproduction was published in the Century Magazine.

74 *Speicher Seated in a Chair, 1924.*

75 *Head of Anne, 1922.*

76 *The Sawdust Trail, 1917.*

This lithograph was made after a visit to Philadelphia with John Reed representing the Metropolitan Magazine. Billy Sunday shakes a convert's hand, back of him stands Ma Sunday and next to her Mr. Rodeheaver directs the vast volunteer choir in the background.

77 *Indoor Athlete, No. 2, 1921.*

78 *A Knock-out, 1921.*

The idea for this lithograph was based on a much valued drawing done many years before. Very few prints of this stone were made.

79 *Elsie Reading to Emma, First State, 1921.*

80 *The Crowd, 1923.*

" Men Like Gods " series.

81 *Nude Study, Classic on a Couch, 1924.*

82 *Study, Mrs. R., 1923.*

Study for a portrait. Mrs. Walter Richter.

83 *Emma and Marjorie on a Sofa, 1921.*

The artist's wife and Marjorie Organ (Mrs. Robert Henri).

84 *Sixteen East Gay Street, 1924.*

Sketched on a visit to his old home, Columbus, Ohio.

85 *Two Girls, 1917.*

Composition of nudes.

86 *Portrait of Robert Aitken, No. 1, 1921.*

Robert Aitken, the sculptor, did a portrait bust of George Bellows in 1908.

87 *Portrait of Robert Aitken, No. 2, 1921.*

88 *Seated Nude, 1921.*

89 *Dempsey and Firpo, 1924.*

A drawing was made of this contest for the New York Journal. The lithograph was a subsequent treatment of the famous bout. Bellows described this fight as the most exciting and dramatic of all his experience.

90 *Dempsey Through the Ropes, 1924.*

Another treatment of the Dempsey-Firpo championship fight held at night, Polo Grounds, New York.

91 *Anne, 1923.*

Anne Bellows.

92 *Dance in a Madhouse, 1917.*

Insane-asylum, Columbus, Ohio.

93 *Amour, 1923.*

" Men Like Gods " series.

94 *In an Elevator, 1916.*

95 *Life Study, Nude Woman Seated, 1917.*

96 *Emma, Elsie and Gene, 1921.*

In the studio.

97 *Crucifixion of Christ, 1923.*

This subject was dealt with in three mediums: first a drawing, then this lithograph, and finally the large oil painting.

98 *Hungry Dogs, 1916.*

Late at night in the West Fifties, New York.

99 *The Shower-bath, 1917.*

At the Y.M.C.A., Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

100 *Emma in a Chair, or Lady with a Fan, 1921.*

The artist's wife.

101 *Fantasy, 1916.*

102 *Lady of 1860, The Actress, 1924.*

103 *Tennis at Newport, 1920.*

The annual Tennis Tournament at the Newport Casino. Tilden and Johnston were the outstanding players. No attempt at portraiture was made, the interest being rather in the setting and the spirit of the event.

104 *Wedding, 1924.*

105 *Portrait, Louis Bouché.*

106 *Introducing John L. Sullivan, 1916.*

107 *Counted Out, No. 1, 1921.*

108 *Nude Study, Woman Lying Prone, 1924.*

109 *Punchinello in the House of Death, 1923.*

" The Wind Bloweth " series.

110 *Prepare, America! 1916.*

Satire. Our first approach to the war.

111 *Billy Sunday, 1923.*

112 *Portrait of Mrs. Herbert Roth, 1924.*

113 *Training-quarters, 1916.*

Willard, the champion, in training. New York City.

114 *Arrangement, Emma in a Room, 1921.*

The artist's wife.

115 *The Appeal to the People, 1924.*

116 *Introducing Georges Carpentier, 1921.*

Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of the New York World, commissioned the artist to make a drawing, for publication, of this international championship fight. The lithograph resulted from this material.

117 *Jean, Head, 1921.*

Jean Bellows.

118 *The Novitiate, 1916.*

Observed on a New York street.

119 *Man on his Back, Nude.*

An early lithograph made by transferring the drawing to the stone. This method of transference was used only in the artist's earliest essays. All subsequent works were drawn directly on the stone.

120 *Anne in a Black Hat, 1924.*

Anne Bellows.

121 *Matinicus, 1916.*

An island with a large fish-wharf, off the coast of Maine. Very beautiful and seldom visited by artists.

122 *Portrait of Eugene Speicher, No. 2, 1924.*

123 *Family, 1916.*

124 *Spiritual Potentate, 1923.*

A satire.

125 *Business-men's Bath, 1923.*

Y.M.C.A. swimming-pool.

126 *Jean in a Black Hat, First State, 1924.*

127 *New Society Dinner-card, 1923.*

The annual dinner of the " New Society of Artists " held at the Anderson Gallery, Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York. George Bellows was one of the founders of this society.

128 *Business-men's Class, Y.M.C.A., 1916.*

Memories of early student days when Bellows frequented the Y.M.C.A. for exercise and relaxation. It was here that he and Eugene Speicher first met.

129 *Study of My Mother, No. 1, 1921.*

130 *Nude Study, Woman Lying on a Pillow, 1924.*

131 *Legs of the Sea, 1921.*

Third Beach, Newport, Rhode Island.

132 *Portrait of W. E. Story, First State, 1921.*

133 *The Journey of Youth, 1923.*

" The Wind Bloweth " series.

134 *Elsie Reading to Emma, Second State, 1921.*

135 *Benediction in Georgia, 1916.*

136 *The Model, Early Study, No. 1, 1917.*

137 *The Model, Early Study, No. 2, 1917.*

138 *Untitled, 1918.*

War series.

139 *Shower-bath, Detail, 1916.*

140 *The Case of Sergeant Delaney, 1918.*

After an illustration which appeared in the Century Magazine.

141 *Miss Tate, 1924.*

142 *Polo Sketch, 1921.*

Composed from sketches made several years before at the Gould estate, Lakewood, New Jersey. It is to Joseph B. Thomas we owe a vote of thanks for arranging this visit.

143 *Nude Study, Woman Stretched on Bed, 1924.*

144 *Elsie, Emma and Marjorie, 1921.*

A variation of No. 4.

145 *Base Hospital, 1918.*

War series.

146 *Male Torso, 1916.*

An early drawing transferred to the lithograph stone.

147 *Artists Judging Works of Art, 1916.*

A satire. The result of having served on a jury. Many well-known artists may be distinguished in good-natured caricature. To the extreme right is George Bellows himself.

148 *Nude Study, Girl Standing on One Foot, 1924.*

149 *The Return of the Useless, 1918.*

War series.

150 *Lychnis and Her Sons, 1923.*

" Men Like Gods " series.

151 *Reducing, Large, Second Stone, 1916.*

152 *Reducing, Small, Third Stone, 1921.*

153 *Portrait of Julian Bowes, 1923.*

154 *Sunday, Going to Church, 1921.*

Memories of a Sunday morning in Columbus, Ohio, 1897. George, aged fifteen, is uncomfortably seated next to his father, who is driving. His mother is on the rear seat; two friends are being given a lift.

155 *Nude on a Bed, Evening, 1921.*

156 *Philosopher on the Rock, 1916.*

Summer in Central Park.

157 *Final Instructions, 1923.*

" Men Like Gods " series.

158 *The Jury, 1916.*

A satire.

159 *The Studio, 1916.*

George Bellows's studio, 146 East Nineteenth Street, New York. His first Christmas-card.

160 *The Black Hat, 1921.*

Emma S. Bellows. The artist's wife.

161 *Love of Winter, 1923.*

The second Christmas-card. The original painting from which this lithograph was made is owned by the Chicago Art Institute.

162 *Nude Study, Girl Standing with Hand Raised to Mouth, 1924.*

163 *Study, Nude Woman Standing, 1916.*

164 *Mother and Children, 1916.*

The artist's wife and two children at Ogunquit, Maine.

165 *Head of Gregory, 1924.*

A portrait. Gregory Allen Slader.

166 *The Bacchanale, 1918.*

War series.

167 *The Old Rascal, 1916.*

168 *Plaid Shawl, 1923.*

The artist's wife.

169 *Evening Snow-storm, 1921.*

New Year's Eve. Columbus Circle, Fifty-ninth Street, New York. An oil painting of this same subject was destroyed by the artist. Afterwards he regretted having done this and drew the lithograph.

170 *Sketch of Frank Byrne, 1923.*

171 *Workman's Kitchen, 1917.*

172 *Introducing the Champion, No. 1, Large, 1916.*

173 *Study, Nude Woman Seated, 1916.*

174 *Battlefield, Detail, 1918.*

War series.

175 *Portrait of Mrs. R., 1923.*

Mrs. Walter Richter.

176 *Initiation in the Frat, 1917.*

177 *Portrait of Eugene Speicher, No. 1, 1924.*

178 *Hail to Peace, 1919.*

The third Christmas-card. After a large picture painted for the Red Cross to commemorate the ending of the war.

179 *Married Couple, 1923.*

A satire.

180 *Girl Sewing, 1923.*

The artist's wife.

181 *In the Subway, 1921.*

New York.

182 *Anne in a Spotted Dress, 1921.*

The first lithograph portrait of Anne Bellows.

183 *The Cigarette, 1918.*

War series.

184 *Girl Fixing Her Hair, 1924.*

The artist's wife.

185 *Massacre, 1918.*

War series.

186 *Study of B.P., 1924.*

Brock Pemberton.

187 *Well at Quevado, 1921.*

Seen while motoring from California to New Mexico with George Washington Smith, the architect. Bellows tried this composition in three mediums, oil, water-colour and lithography. The lithograph did not satisfy him, so very few prints were pulled.

188 *Farewell to Utopia, 1923.*

" Men Like Gods " series.

189 *Tennis Tournament, 1920.*

Newport, Rhode Island.

190 *Old Irish Woman, 1924.*

191 *Head of Jean, 1921.*

The artist's daughter.

192 *The Battle, 1924.*

" Men Like Gods " series.

193 *The Life Class, 1917.*

The Henri night class in the old school at the north-east corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, New York.

194 *Self-portrait, 1921.*

195 *Four Friends, First State, 1921.*

Kroll, Bellows, Speicher and Henri in the studio of Robert Henri, 10 Gramercy Park, New York City.

196 *Reducing, Large, First Stone, 1916.*

Unique print, as far as is known.

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX

(The sizes are given in inches, height followed by width)

1916

page	*title*	*size*
38	Prayer Meeting, No. 1	$18 \times 21\frac{3}{4}$
39	Prayer Meeting, No. 2	$18\frac{1}{2} \times 22\frac{1}{4}$
98	Hungry Dogs	$13\frac{1}{2} \times 10$
156	Philosopher on the Rock	$19\frac{3}{4} \times 19$
34	Artists' Evening	$9 \times 12\frac{1}{4}$
70	Between Rounds, No. 1, large	$20\frac{1}{2} \times 16\frac{1}{2}$
29	Standing Nude	$11\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$
66	Nude, Woman Kneeling	$14 \times 10\frac{3}{4}$
119	Man on His Back, Nude	$8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$
146	Male Torso	$11\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$
163	Study, Nude Woman Standing	$19 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$
173	Study, Nude Woman Seated	$15 \times 10\frac{1}{4}$
128	Business-men's Class, Y.M.C.A.	$11\frac{1}{2} \times 17\frac{1}{4}$
172	Introducing the Champion, No. 1, large	$24\frac{1}{4} \times 21$
63	Splinter Beach	$15 \times 19\frac{3}{4}$
101	Fantasy	7×9
48	In the Park, first state	$16 \times 21\frac{1}{4}$
49	In the Park, second state	17×21
164	Mother and Children	$11\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{4}$
123	Family	$4\frac{3}{4} \times 7$
196	Reducing, large, first stone	$17\frac{3}{4} \times 16\frac{1}{2}$

page	*title*	*size*
135	Benediction in Georgia	16 × 20
113	Training Quarters	$15\frac{1}{4} \times 17\frac{1}{2}$
106	Introducing John L. Sullivan	$20\frac{3}{4} \times 20\frac{3}{4}$
147	Artists Judging Works of Art	$14\frac{3}{4} \times 19$
94	In an Elevator	10 × 8
118	The Novitiate	$11\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$
21	Preliminaries to the Big Bout	$15\frac{3}{4} \times 19\frac{3}{4}$
167	The Old Rascal	10 × 9
159	The Studio	$5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$
158	The Jury	$12 \times 16\frac{1}{2}$
121	Matinicus	$7 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$
110	Prepare, America!	$11\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$
151	Reducing, large, second stone	$17\frac{1}{2} \times 16\frac{1}{2}$

1917

76	The Sawdust Trail	$25\frac{1}{2} \times 20$
55	Electrocution, large	$8\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$
54	Electrocution, small	$8\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$
85	Two Girls	$7\frac{3}{4} \times 9$
95	Life Study, Nude Woman Seated	$13 \times 11\frac{1}{2}$
36	The Statuette, Nude	8 × 6
136	The Model, early study, No. 1	$11\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$
137	The Model, early study, No. 2	$11\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$
171	Workman's Kitchen	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$
9	The Street	$19 \times 15\frac{1}{4}$

page	*title*	*size*
71	Stag at Sharkey's	$18\frac{1}{2} \times 23\frac{3}{4}$
176	Initiation in the Frat	$10\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{3}{4}$
99	Shower-bath	$16\frac{1}{4} \times 24$
139	Shower-bath, detail	$16 \times 16\frac{1}{2}$
193	The Life Class	$14 \times 19\frac{1}{4}$
92	Dance in a Madhouse	$18\frac{1}{4} \times 24\frac{1}{2}$
61	Solitude	$17 \times 15\frac{1}{4}$
	1918	
138	Untitled	13×19
185	Massacre	$17\frac{3}{4} \times 29\frac{1}{2}$
8	The Enemy Arrive	16×26
183	The Cigarette	$14\frac{3}{4} \times 19\frac{1}{4}$
166	The Bacchanale	$18\frac{1}{2} \times 24$
145	Base Hospital	$17\frac{3}{4} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$
43	Sniped	$9 \times 11\frac{1}{4}$
30	The Charge	$10 \times 16\frac{1}{4}$
35	The Charge, detail	$10 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
11	Edith Cavell	$18\frac{3}{4} \times 24\frac{3}{4}$
27	Gott Strafe	$15\frac{1}{2} \times 19$
40	The Barricade, No. 1	17×29
41	The Barricade, No. 2	17×29
149	Return of the Useless	$20 \times 21\frac{1}{2}$
174	Battlefield, detail	$7\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$
140	The Case of Sergeant Delaney	$17\frac{1}{4} \times 25$
25	The Last Victim	$19 \times 23\frac{3}{4}$

1919

page	*title*	*size*
56	The Sand Team	$16\frac{1}{2} \times 24$
178	Hail to Peace, Christmas card	$4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$

1920

103	Tennis at Newport	$15 \times 18\frac{1}{4}$
189	Tennis Tournament	$18\frac{1}{4} \times 20$

1921

72	Spring, Central Park	$8\frac{1}{2} \times 7$
31	Introducing the Champion, No. 2, small	$8\frac{5}{8} \times 7$
129	Study of My Mother, No. 1	$10 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$
114	Arrangement, Emma in a Room	$9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$
1	Study of My Mother, No. 2	$11\frac{1}{2} \times 8$
18	Bathing Beach	$8\frac{1}{2} \times 7$
169	Evening Snow-storm	$7\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$
142	Polo Sketch	$8\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$
64	The Parlor Critic	$8\frac{1}{2} \times 7$
181	In the Subway	$8\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$
83	Emma and Marjorie on a Sofa	$10\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
12	Hold-up, first state	$11 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
13	Hold-up, second state	$11 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
88	Seated Nude	$9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$
195	Four Friends, first state	$10 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$
26	Four Friends, second state	9×7

page	*title*	*size*
59	Elsie, Figure	$9 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$
154	Sunday, Going to Church	12×15
100	Emma in a Chair, or Lady with a Fan	$11\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
46	Caricature of Speicher, Kroll and Bellows	$8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$
47	My Family, No. 1	$10\frac{1}{4} \times 8$
10	My Family, No. 2	$10\frac{1}{4} \times 8$
44	The White Hope	15×19
78	A Knockout	$15\frac{1}{4} \times 21\frac{3}{4}$
191	Head of Jean	7×6
79	Elsie Reading to Emma, first state	$9\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
131	Legs of the Sea	$8\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{3}{4}$
194	Self-portrait	$10\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$
182	Anne in a Spotted Dress	11×9
117	Jean, Head	$5\frac{1}{2} \times 5$
16	Portrait of Elsie Speicher	$10\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$
134	Elsie Reading to Emma, second state	$10\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
152	Reducing, small, third stone	$11 \times 8\frac{3}{4}$
23	Morning, No. 1, Nude	$11 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$
24	Morning, No. 2, Nude	$11 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$
160	The Black Hat	$13 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$
132	Portrait of W. E. Story, first state	$11\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
32	Portrait of W. E. Story, second state	10×7
33	Man in a Silk Hat	$11 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
155	Nude on a Bed, Evening	$12\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$
86	Portrait of Aitken, No. 1	$10 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$

page	*title*	*size*
87	Portrait of Aitken, No. 2	$13\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$
58	Pool Player	5×10
62	Indoor Athlete, No. 1	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 10$
77	Indoor Athlete, No. 2	$5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$
19	Old Billiard Player	$9 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$
105	Portrait, Louis Bouché	12×11
67	Artist Drawing	$11\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$
5	The Last Count	$11\frac{3}{8} \times 10\frac{5}{8}$
57	Head of Anne	$9\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
4	Marjorie, Emma and Elsie	$11\frac{1}{2} \times 14$
96	Emma, Elsie and Gene	$11\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$
144	Elsie, Emma and Marjorie	$9\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{4}$
187	Well at Quevado	$9\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$
116	Introducing Georges Carpentier	$14\frac{1}{2} \times 21$
107	Counted Out, No. 1	$12\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{4}$
69	Counted Out, No. 2	$15\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$
	1922	
75	Head of Anne	7×7
	1923	
53	Irish Grandmother	$9\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$
82	Study, Mrs. R.	14×11
175	Portrait of Mrs. R.	$12 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$
7	Irish Town	$10\frac{1}{4} \times 8$

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX

page	*title*	*size*
15	The Dead Line	12 × 11
73	The Law Is Too Slow	18 × 14¾
188	Farewell to Utopia	18 × 14¼
111	Billy Sunday	9 × 16¼
6	Portrait of John Carroll	11 × 8½
14	Study of Mary	11½ × 10
168	Plaid Shawl	13½ × 9¾
28	The Garden of Growth	18 × 14½
17	The Return to Life	18 × 14½
68	The Irish Fair	19 × 21
125	Business-men's Bath	11¾ × 17
150	Lychnis and Her Sons	16½ × 13¼
180	Girl Sewing	11 × 7
70	Between Rounds, No. 2, small	18¼ × 14¾
153	Portrait of Julian Bowes	8 × 8
186	Study of B. P.	9 × 7½
179	Married Couple	9¾ × 7¼
124	Spiritual Potentate	9 × 8½
93	Amour	18 × 14
20	The Lovers That Passed Him By	14¾ × 11½
65	Jean, 1923	9½ × 7
91	Anne, 1923	9 × 9
80	The Crowd	15 × 12
97	Crucifixion of Christ	18¾ × 20¾
109	Punchinello in the House of Death	16 × 19½

page	*title*	*size*
2	Allan Donn Puts to Sea	$15\frac{3}{4} \times 19\frac{1}{2}$
42	The Christ of the Wheel	18×15
157	Final Instructions	$19\frac{1}{2} \times 16$
161	Love of Winter	$4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$
127	New Society Dinner Card	$7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$

1924

130	Nude Study, Woman Lying on a Pillow	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$
37	Girl on a Flowered Cushion, Nude	$8 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$
81	Nude Study, Classic on a Couch	$10 \times 12\frac{1}{2}$
51	Anne	10×8
3	Nude Study, Woman Kneeling on a Pillow	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$
50	Auntie Mason and Her Husband	10×9
104	Wedding	11×10
84	Sixteen East Gay Street	$9\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$
148	Nude Study, Girl Standing on One Foot	$12\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$
184	Girl Fixing Her Hair	$8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$
108	Nude Study, Woman Lying Prone	5×13
162	Nude Study, Girl Standing with Hand Raised to Mouth	$12\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$
143	Nude Study, Woman Stretched on Bed	$10\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$
115	The Appeal to the People	$14\frac{1}{4} \times 18\frac{1}{4}$
89	Dempsey and Firpo	$18 \times 22\frac{1}{2}$
190	Old Irish Woman	$9\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$
170	Sketch of Frank Byrne	$8\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$

page	*title*	*size*
24	River-front	15 × 21
133	The Journey of Youth	7 × 18
102	Lady of 1860, The Actress	$13\frac{1}{2} \times 11$
192	The Battle	$15\frac{3}{4} \times 13$
90	Dempsey Through the Ropes	$18 \times 16\frac{1}{2}$
126	Jean in a Black Hat, first state	$10\frac{3}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$
45	Jean in a Black Hat, second state	$10\frac{3}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$
120	Anne in a Black Hat	$14\frac{1}{2} \times 12$
177	Portrait of Eugene Speicher, No. 1	9 × 8
60	The Drunk	$15\frac{3}{4} \times 13$
165	Head of Gregory	10 × 9
141	Miss Tate	$10\frac{5}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$
112	Portrait of Mrs. Herbert Roth	$14 \times 12\frac{1}{2}$
122	Portrait of Eugene Speicher, No. 2	9 × 8
74	Speicher Seated in a Chair	$14\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$

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